

SPOT THE EUPHEMISM

WITH BAMBER GASMASK

AND THIS WEEKS CONTESTANTS... THE CYNICS+THE SUAVES

THE CLOCK IS SET FOR ROUND 1... WHAT IS MEANT BY 'CONTAMINATION'?

THE AFTERMATH OF A PARTY POLITICAL BROADCAST

BING

CORRECT! AND SUPPLY & DEMAND MEANS ?...

CHERNOBYL IS GOOD NEWS FOR THE PROTECTIVE CLOTHING INDUSTRY.

YES! FINALLY WHAT IS AN INDEPENDENT REVIEW?

BING THE INNER LINING OF A WHITEHALL DUSTBIN.

INDEED IT IS..

ROUND 2; FOR THE SUAVES... WHAT IS GENERALLY MEANT BY THE FOLLOWING? A REACTOR GOING CRITICAL?

GOVERNMENT SEES REASON?

SCRITCH SCRITCH

PROGRESS?

BUT OF COURSE AND A MELTDOWN?

NO... A MELTDOWN IS A MERE TEETHING PROBLEM.

AND TO CONCLUDE, WHAT DO WE MEAN BY RADIATION?

WE CAN'T SEE OR SMELL ANYTHING SO LETS GO SHOPPING

EXACTLY. NOW THE CYNICS WILL ANSWER INTERNATIONAL QUESTIONS.

ROUND 3! HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE A SCANDANAVIAN?

A CANCER VICTIM?

NO - UNLUCKY WAS THE ANSWER WE WANTED

AND WHAT ABOUT AN AMERICAN?

A SMUG BASTARD

EASY! AND TO FINISH, WHAT DO WE MEAN BY CHERNOBYL.

NICE TRY BUT CHERNOBYL MEANS GOD HATES RUSSIANS!

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE!

AND WE'RE INTO ROUND 4.... PARAPHRASE THE FOLLOWING "I THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN"

WE'RE GOING TO DIE

BING

CORRECT!

WELL IT'S ALL EVENS SO IT'S ONE SUDDEN DEATH QUESTION AND IT'S FIRST TO THE BUZZER...

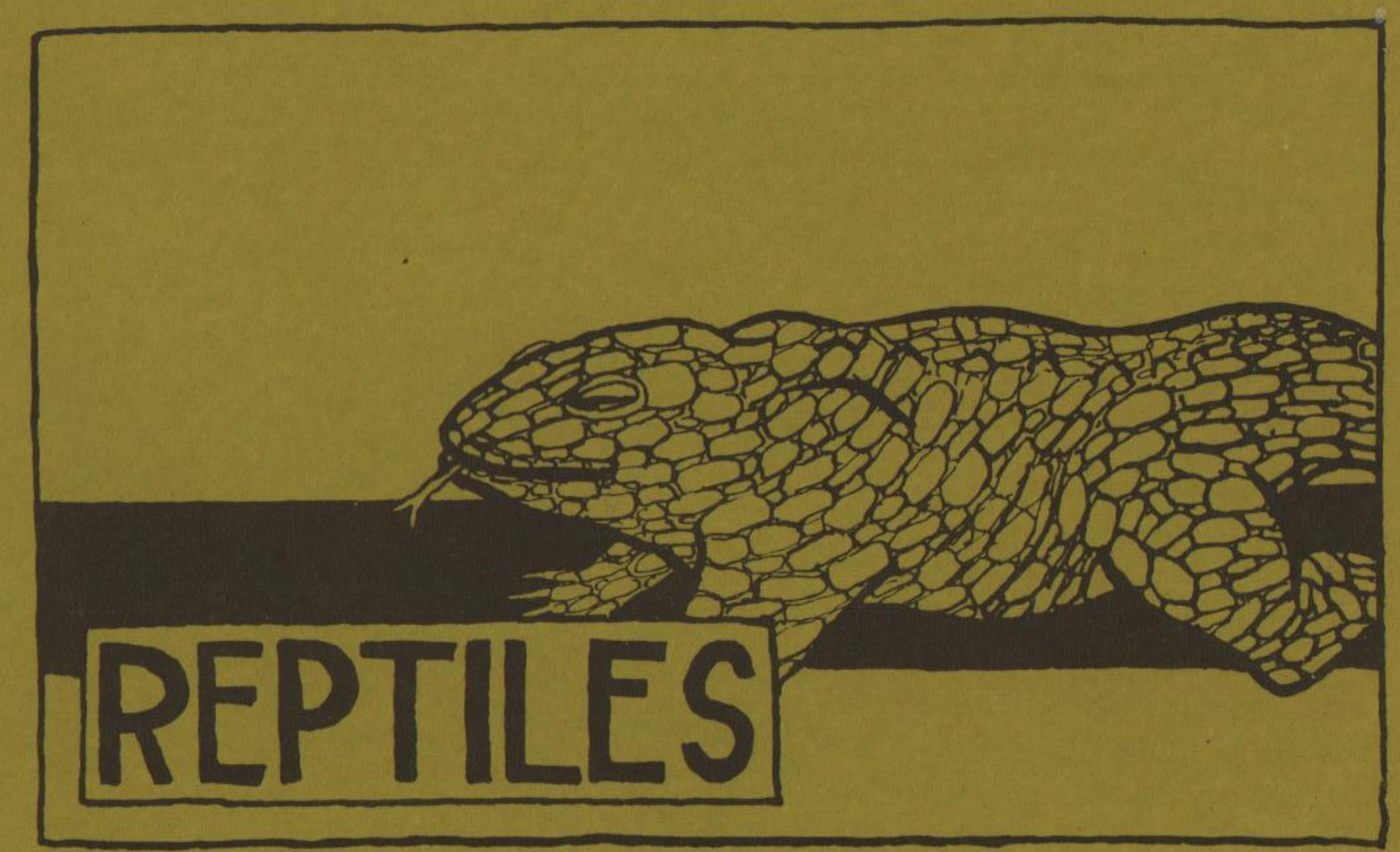
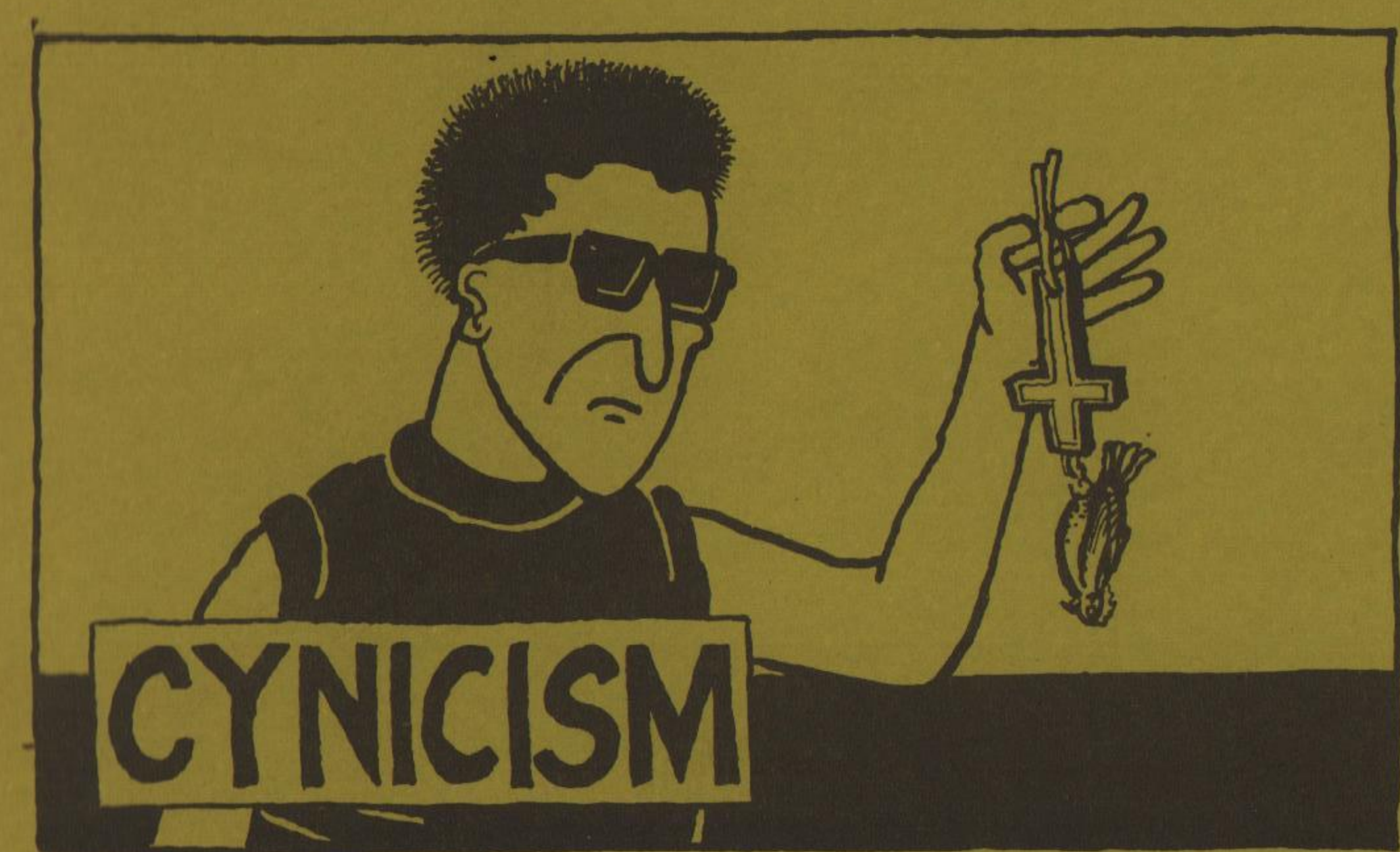
WELL THE SUAVES WERE FIRST TO THE BUTTON... BUT AS WE ALL KNOW THERE ARE NO WINNERS IN ANY NUCLEAR EXCHANGE! GOODNIGHT AND GOD BLESS!

04 04

CYNICS SUAVES

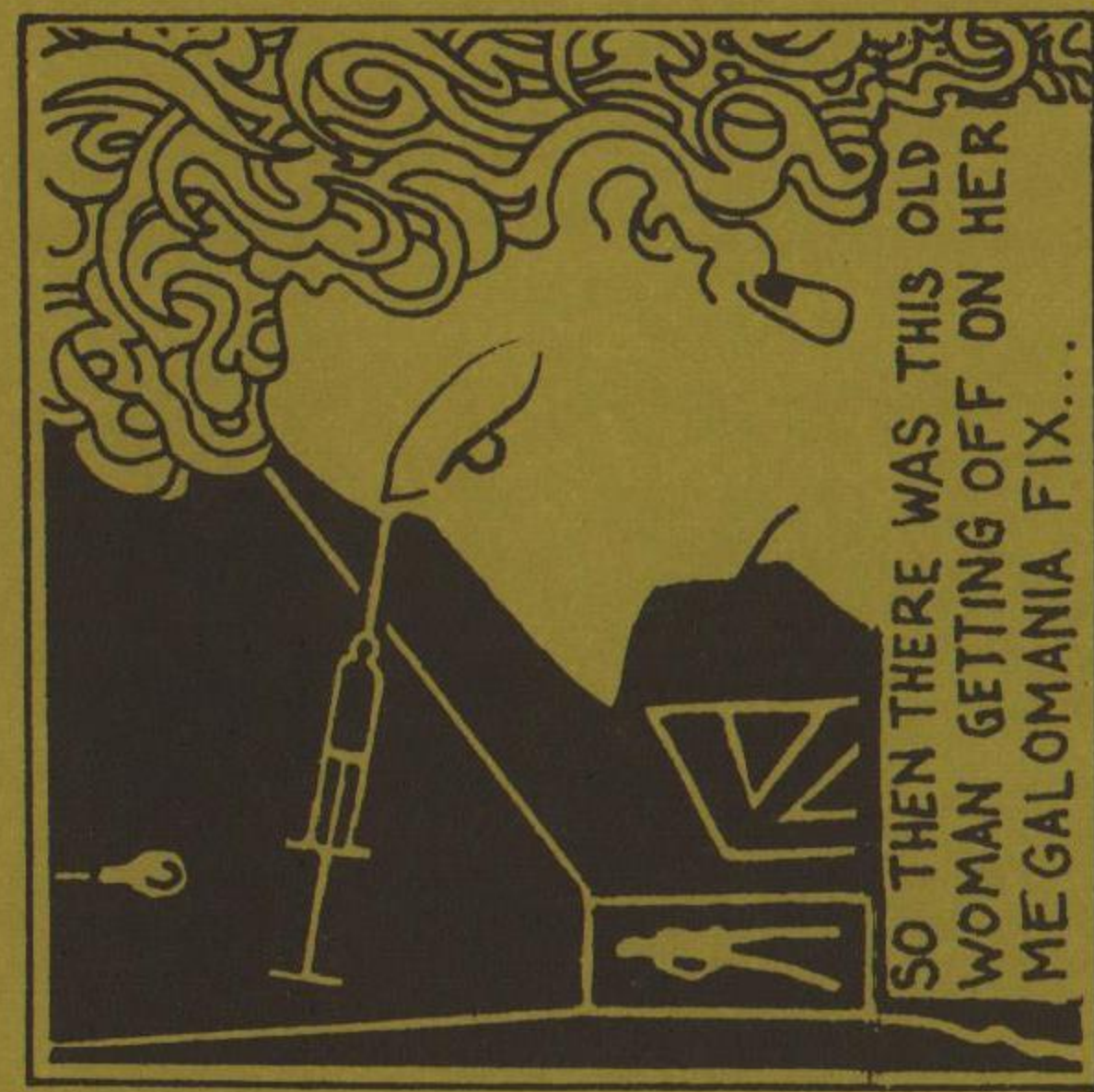
# SCAB

THE INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL OF PURULENCE 86/2 60 PENCE

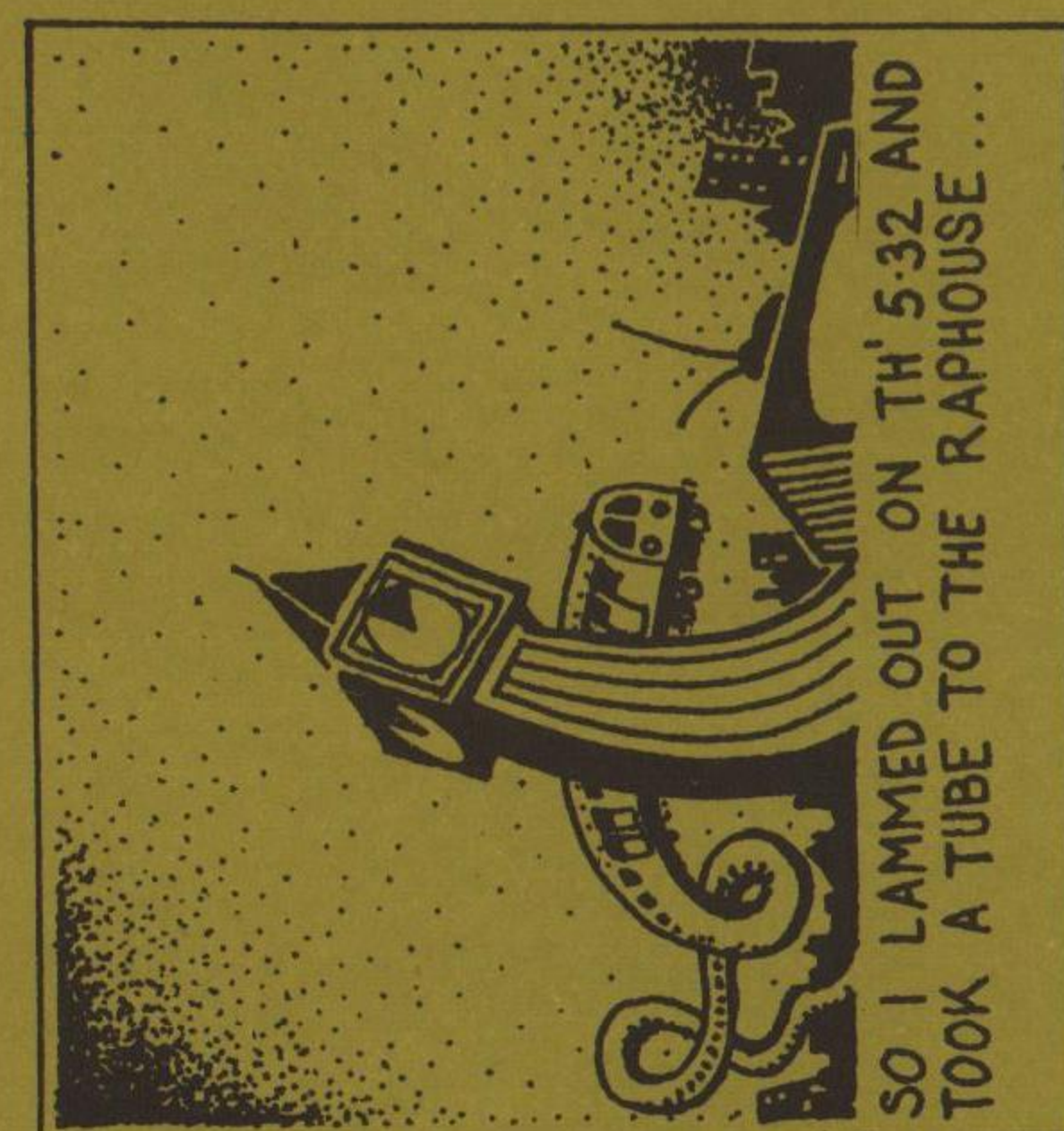


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SO THEN THERE WAS THIS OLD WOMAN GETTING OFF ON HER MEGALOMANIA FIX...

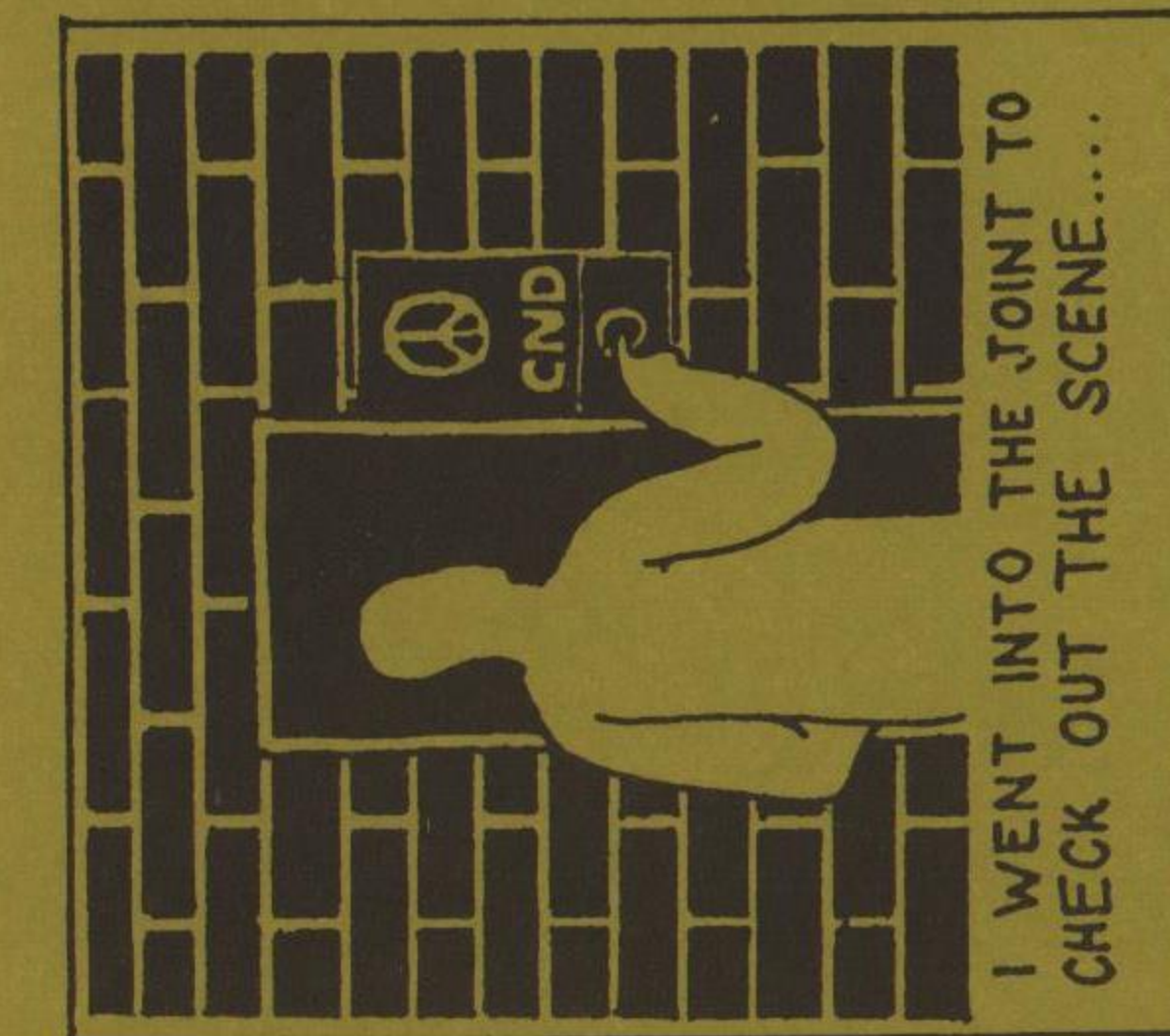


SO I LAMMED OUT ON TH' 532 AND TOOK A TUBE TO THE RAPHOUSE...

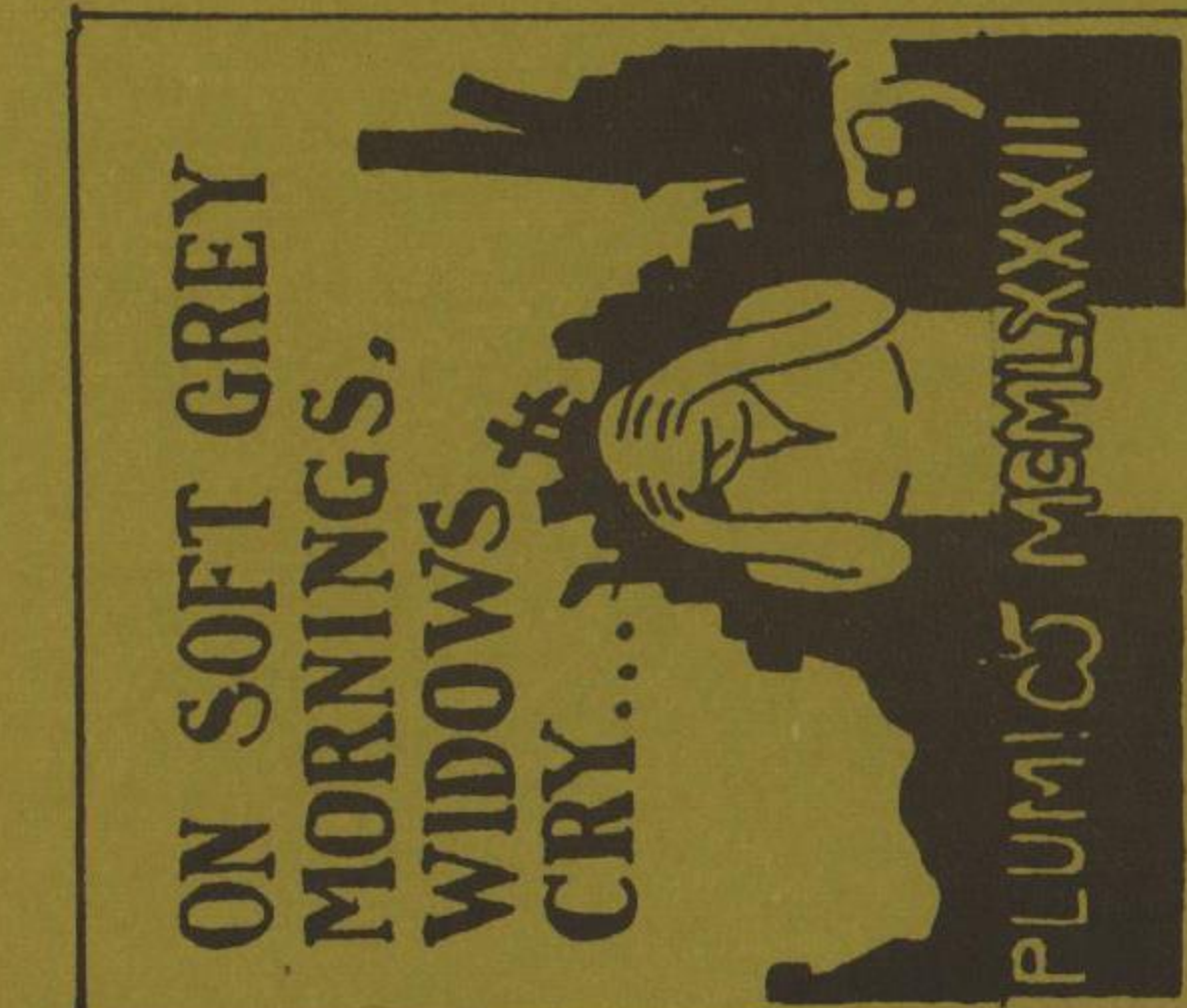


USA. MISSILES 2,010 WARHEADS  
USSR. MISSILES 2,337 WARHEADS

THEY LAY TH' DEAL ON ME AND THE REAPER SMILE IN TH' CORNER...

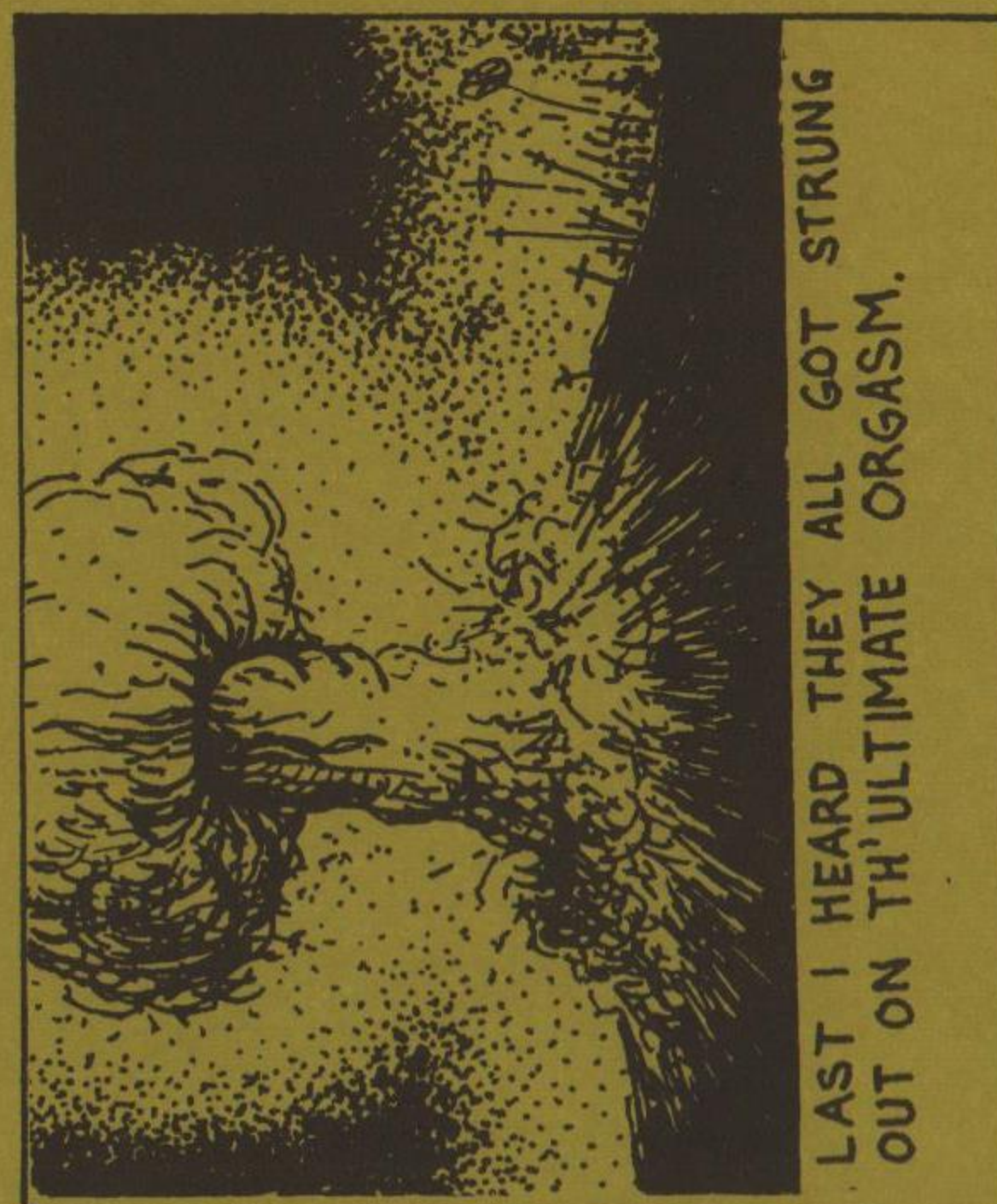


I WENT INTO THE JOINT TO CHECK OUT THE SCENE...



ON SOFT GREY MORNINGS, WIDOWS CRY...

PLUMIC3 M6M1XXII



LAST I HEARD THEY ALL GOT STRUNG OUT ON TH' ULTIMATE ORGASM.

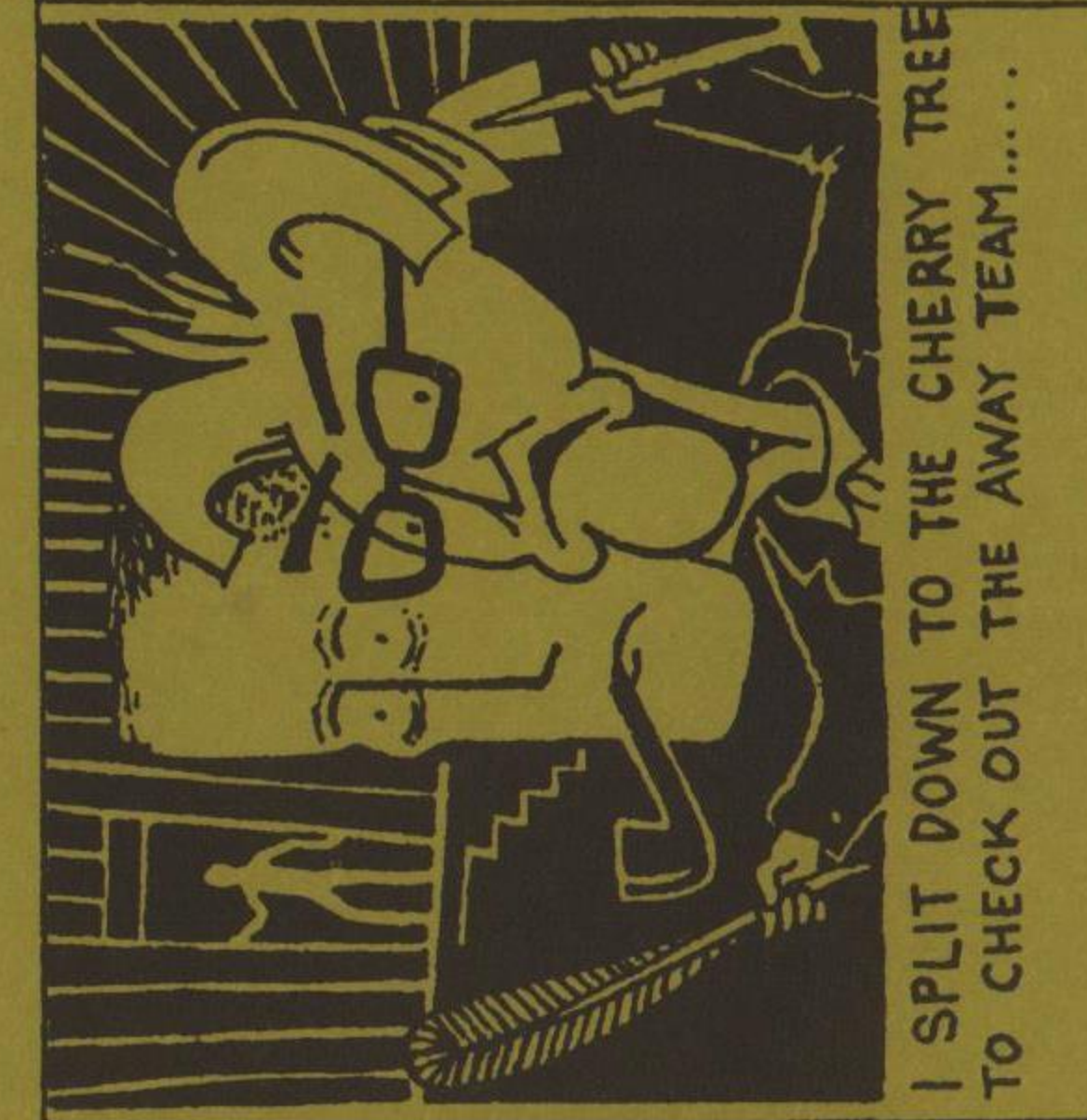


THEN THE PRUNEFACE HIT TOWN AND TH' WHOLE PLACE WENT CRAZY



PERHAPS... NEGOTIATED REDUCTION...

BUT THEY COME ON WITH A SLICK PITCH IN DOUBLETINK...



I SPLIT DOWN TO THE CHERRY TREE TO CHECK OUT THE AWAY TEAM...



CHOOSE CRUISE

SO I HIT HER WITH THE DEAL, AND SHE MAKES LIKE IAN PAISLEY... KINDA APOPLECTIC...

# SCAB

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## CONTENTS

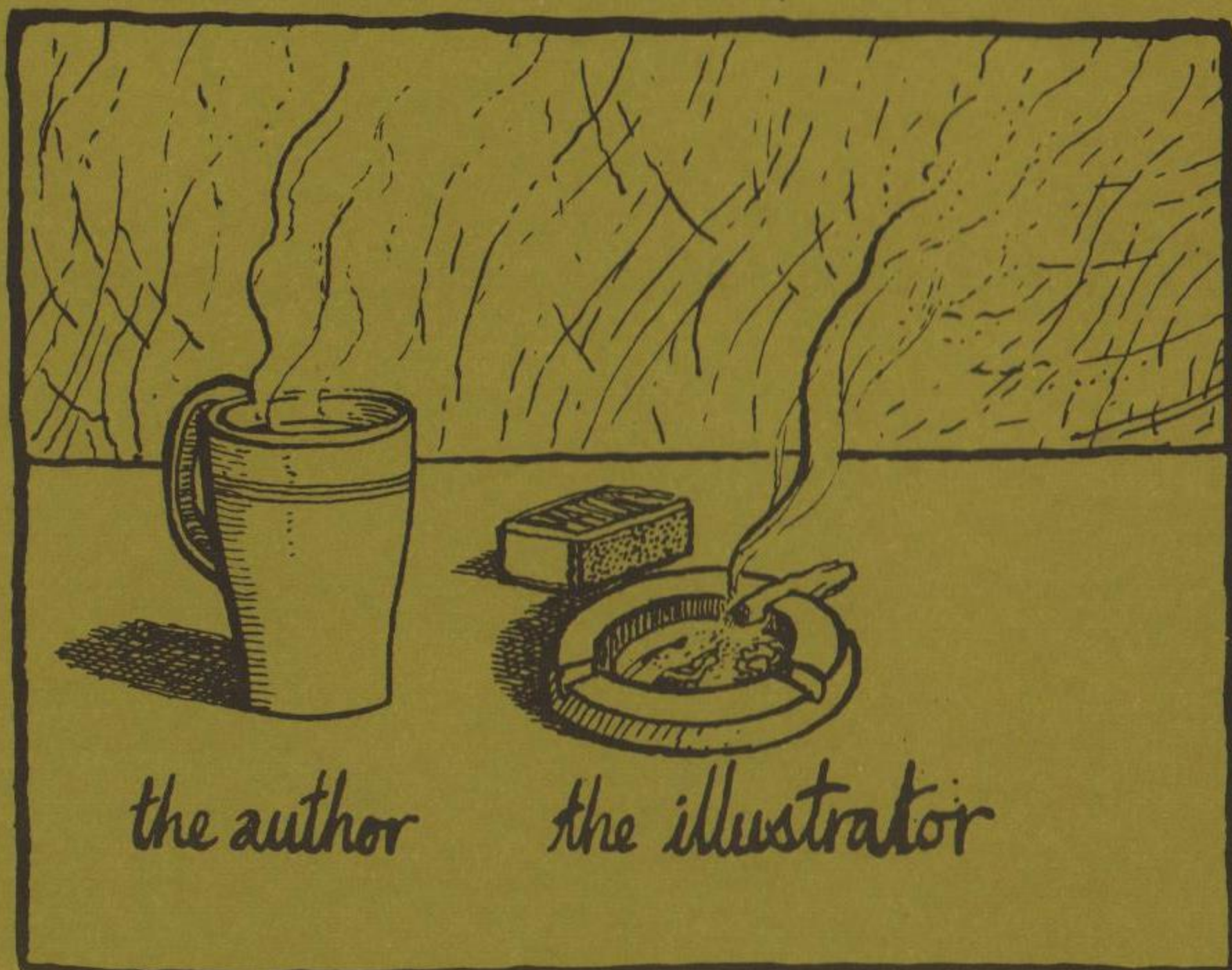
3. A Cheeky Tale...
6. A Tragic Mishap.
7. Bored to death
8. Some sardonic snacks.
9. My arse and your face.
10. Problem Page.
11. The critics choice.
12. Rabid reptilian relief.
13. A tale of our times.
14. Too cool to click!
15. Careless talk costs lives.
16. Wild West romance
17. Disaster in the 23<sup>rd</sup> Century.
19. A Political thriller.
20. Omniversal Challenge.

Tuesday 9 September 1986.

At last the water is boiling, so we head towards the cage only to find that 'Clemency' our parrot, is not yet dead.

Once again we realise that we will either have to go hungry again or lick the assorted debris from beneath the rug. It's been going on for almost five years now, intermittently at best, never allowing any certainty and precious little room to relax. Getting up every day only to go to bed later on. Never managing to break the cycle. It's all going well until the ink turns to jelly.

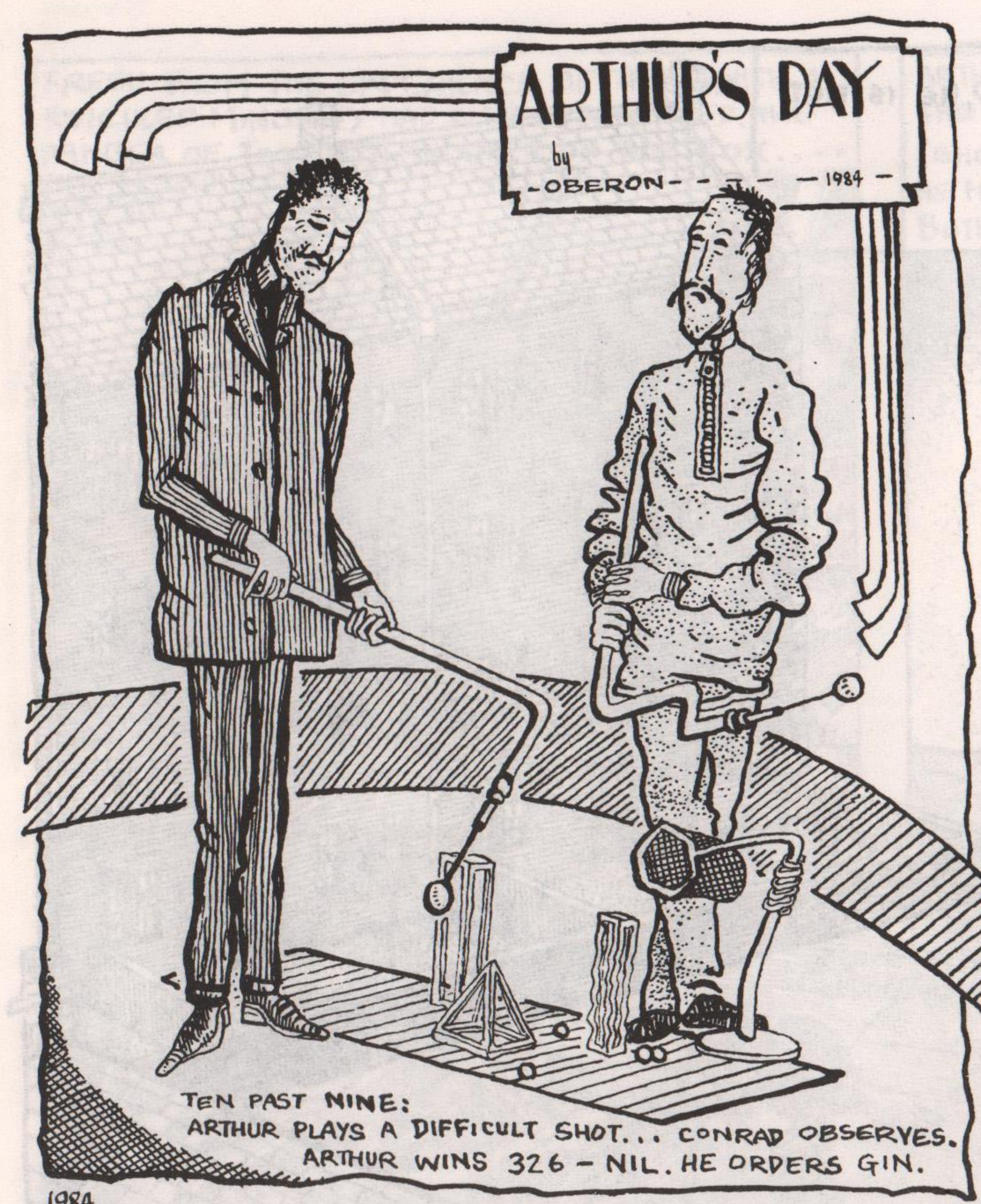
We think, therefore we can never escape. And the nights are fair drawin' in...



the author the illustrator

dedicated to all the dead people that we never got to meet... and some of the living that we have.

AND NOW **Heat'n'Serve.**



TEN PAST NINE: ARTHUR PLAYS A DIFFICULT SHOT... CONRAD OBSERVES. ARTHUR WINS 326 - NIL. HE ORDERS GIN.



ELEVEN FIFTY-SIX: ARTHUR IS SHOCKED BY ALIENS FROM HIS FRESH GROCERIES.



QUARTER TO ONE: ARTHUR IS MISTAKEN FOR A DANCE BAND LEADER. HE FINDS IT TIRING. LUNCH BECOMES UNCERTAIN



THREE THIRTY SEVEN: TOAST CONFLAGRATION



FIVE PAST FOUR: ARTHUR FINDS THAT CONRAD HAS NO TASTE TO SPEAK OF.



FIVE O'CLOCK: ARTHUR'S RADIO RECEIVES SOME DISTURBING NEWS. IT COMMITS SUICIDE



TWENTY PAST SEVEN: IN SEARCH OF A LIGHT REPAST, ARTHUR MEETS SIR LANCELOT, BUT NOBODY NOSE FOR SURE



FIVE TO TEN: I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE CONRAD JOKES, ARTHUR PALES.

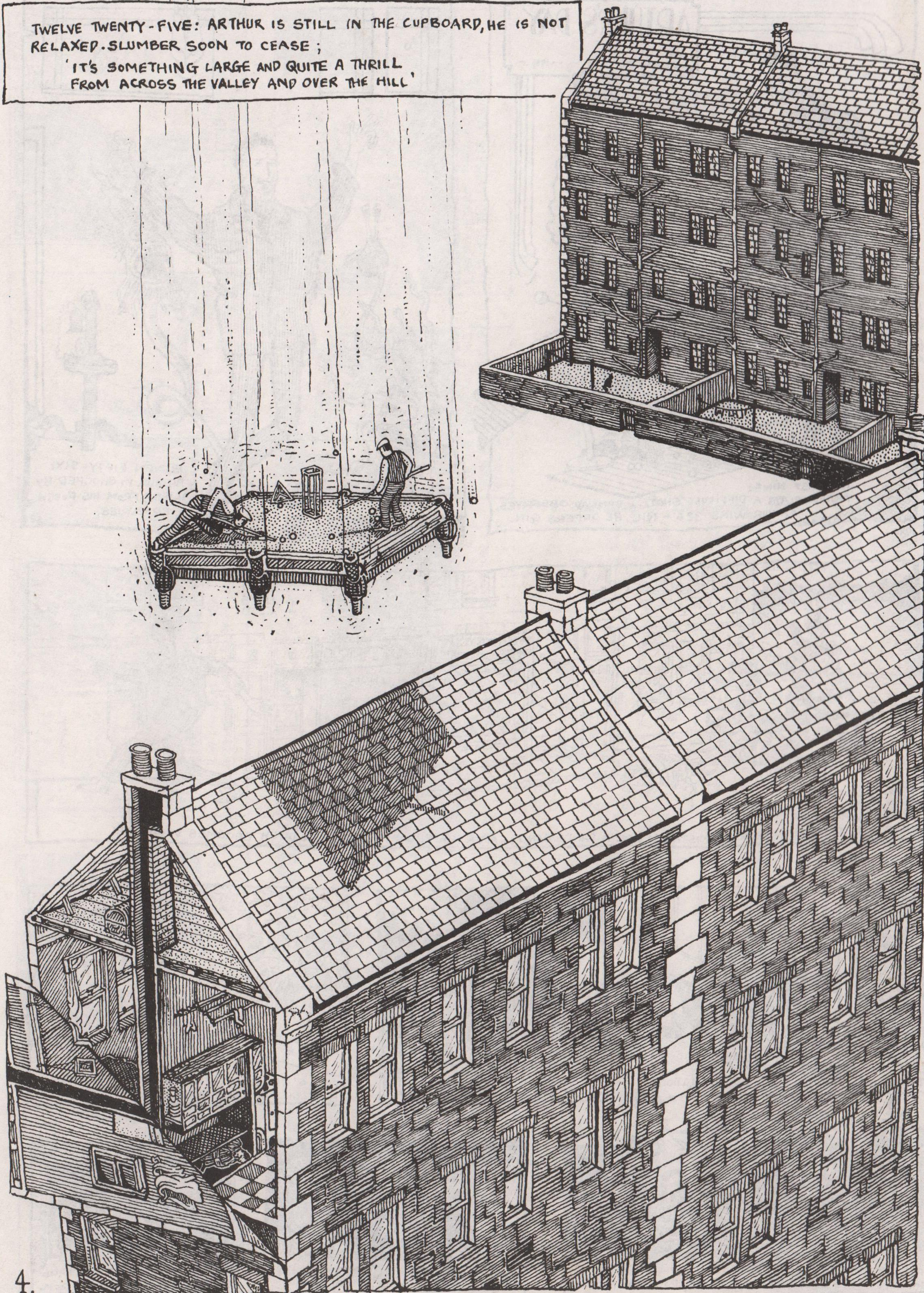


TWENTY TO TWELVE: ARTHUR FALLS ASLEEP LICKING CRUMBS FROM THE CUPBOARD IN THE PANTRY.

if you had thought this ending to be a little bit 'low key', then you will be pleased to hear that something is about to happen, something so gosh! and wow!, that you might like to join us in the warning... LOOK OUT ARTHUR!! YA DEAF GIT!!!... P.T.O.



TWELVE TWENTY-FIVE: ARTHUR IS STILL IN THE CUPBOARD, HE IS NOT RELAXED. SLUMBER SOON TO CEASE;  
'IT'S SOMETHING LARGE AND QUITE A THRILL'  
FROM ACROSS THE VALLEY AND OVER THE HILL



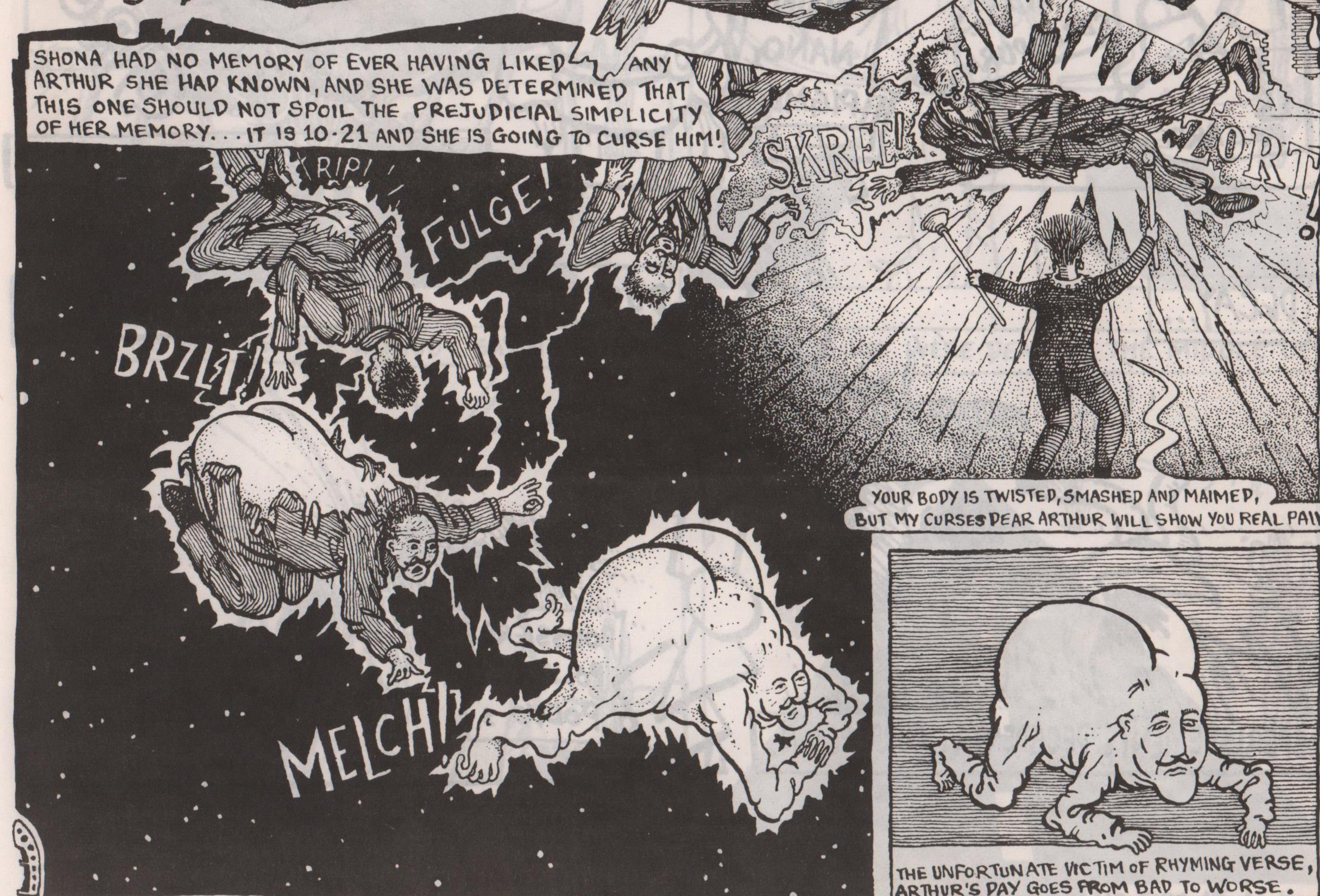
FRESH FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF THAT WHICH A RIDICULED MINORITY HAD ALWAYS PREDICTED, THE DANGER OF TOO MUCH SNOOKER ON THE BOX...



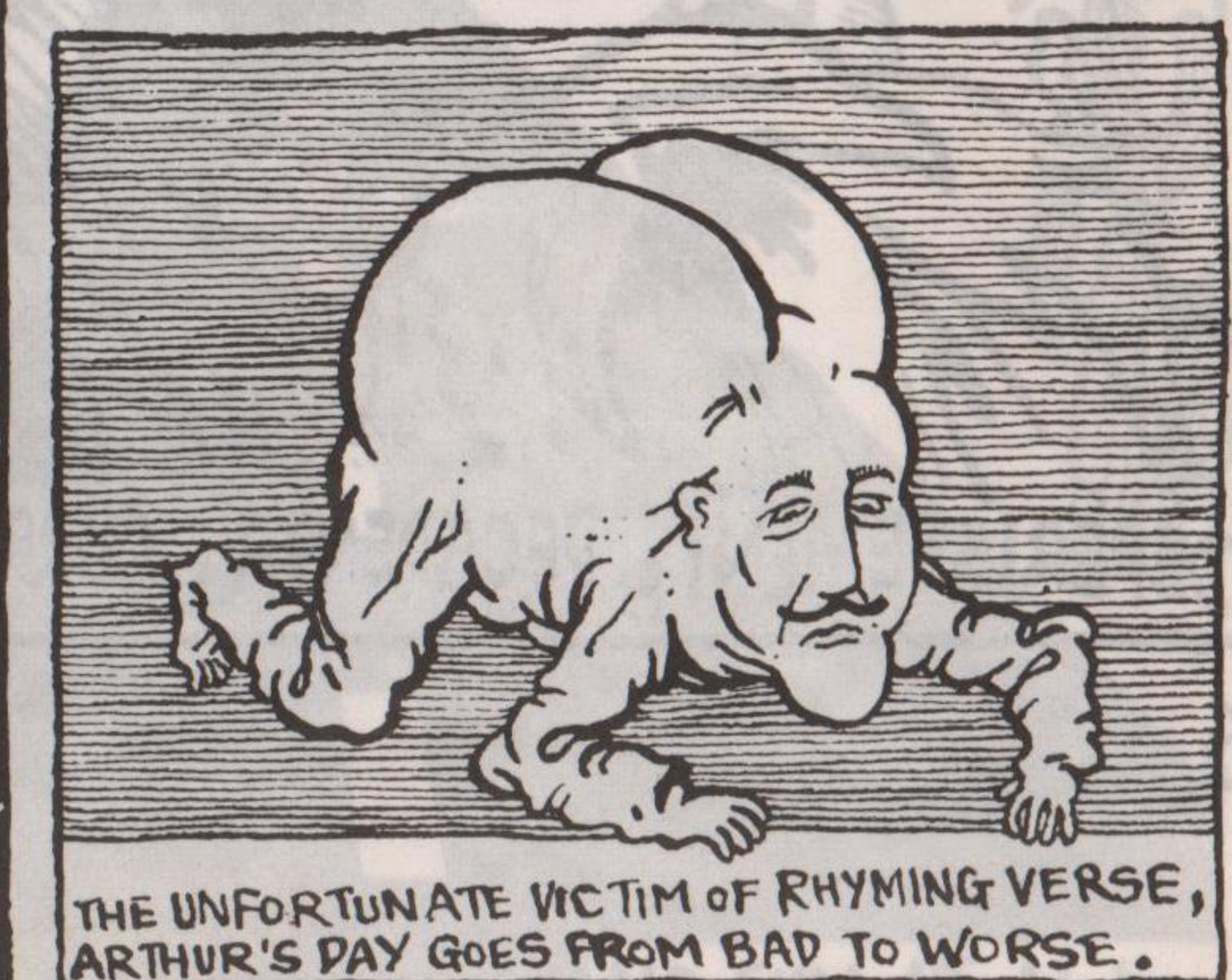
ARTHUR NOTED THE TIME, 9.45. HE NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE, THE APPROACH OF THE EVIL ONE, THE DWARF OF DEGRADATION, (SHONA TO HER FRIENDS) AND WOULD HAVE LEAPT CLEAR IF ONLY HE HAD NOT ALREADY TWISTED HIS SPINAL CORD AND SHATTERED BOTH HIS LEGS.



SHONA HAD NO MEMORY OF EVER HAVING LIKED ANY ARTHUR SHE HAD KNOWN, AND SHE WAS DETERMINED THAT THIS ONE SHOULD NOT SPOIL THE PREJUDICIAL SIMPLICITY OF HER MEMORY... IT IS 10.21 AND SHE IS GOING TO CURSE HIM!



YOUR BODY IS TWISTED, SMASHED AND MAIMED, BUT MY CURSES DEAR ARTHUR WILL SHOW YOU REAL PAIN!

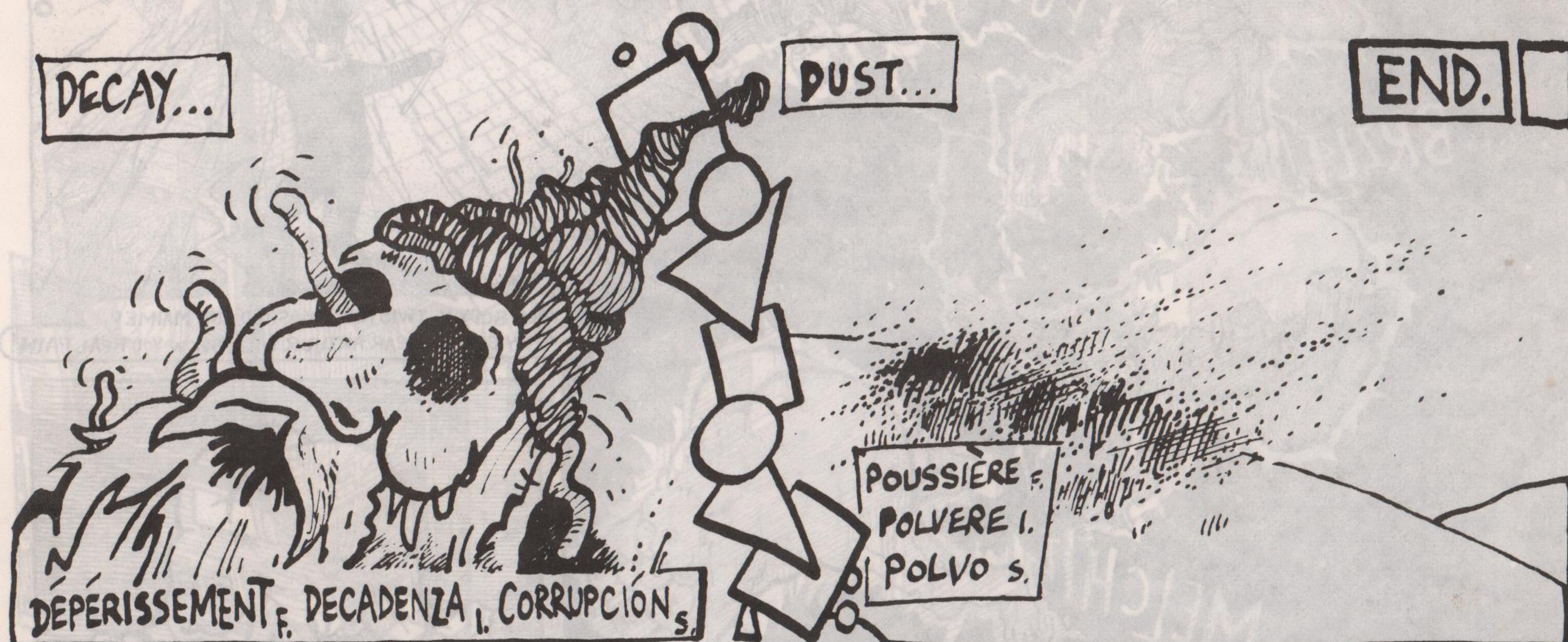
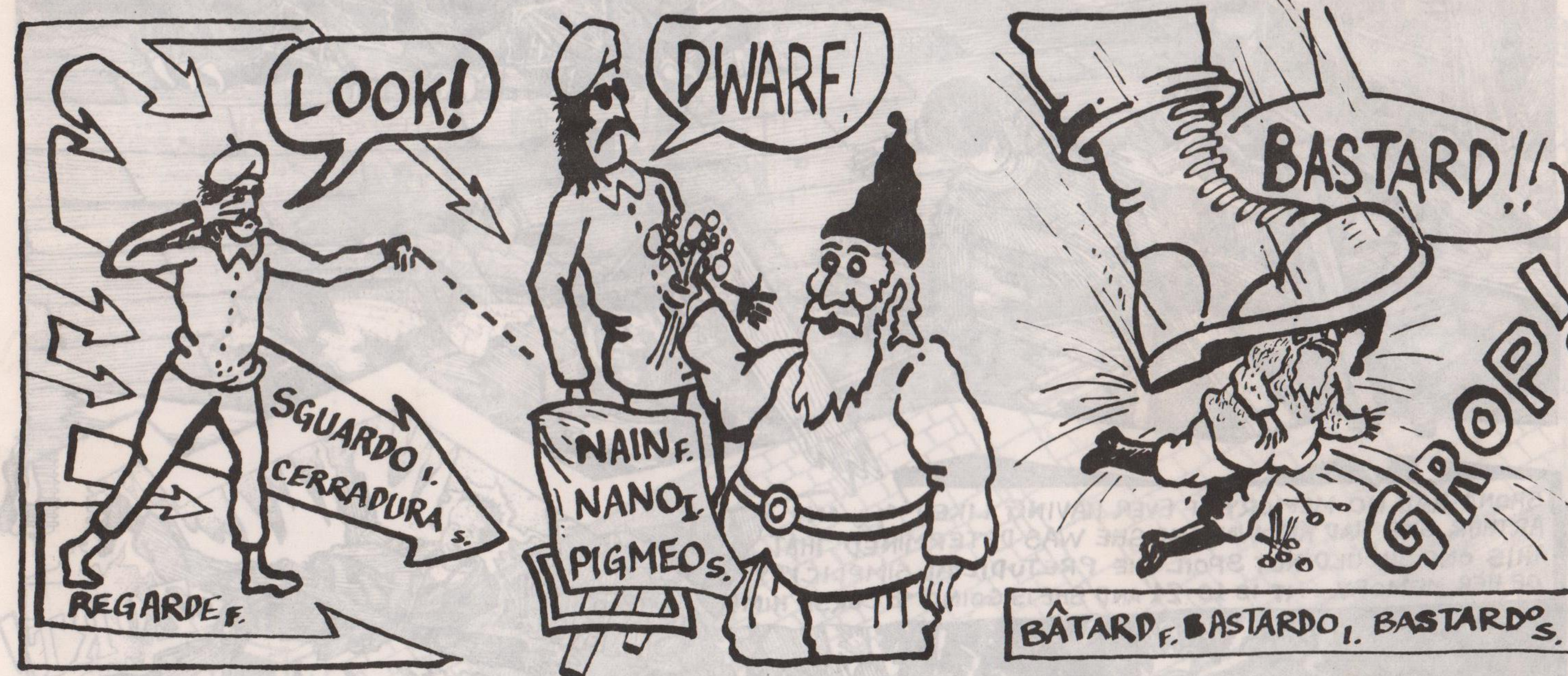


THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM OF RHYMING VERSE, ARTHUR'S PAY GOES FROM BAD TO WORSE.

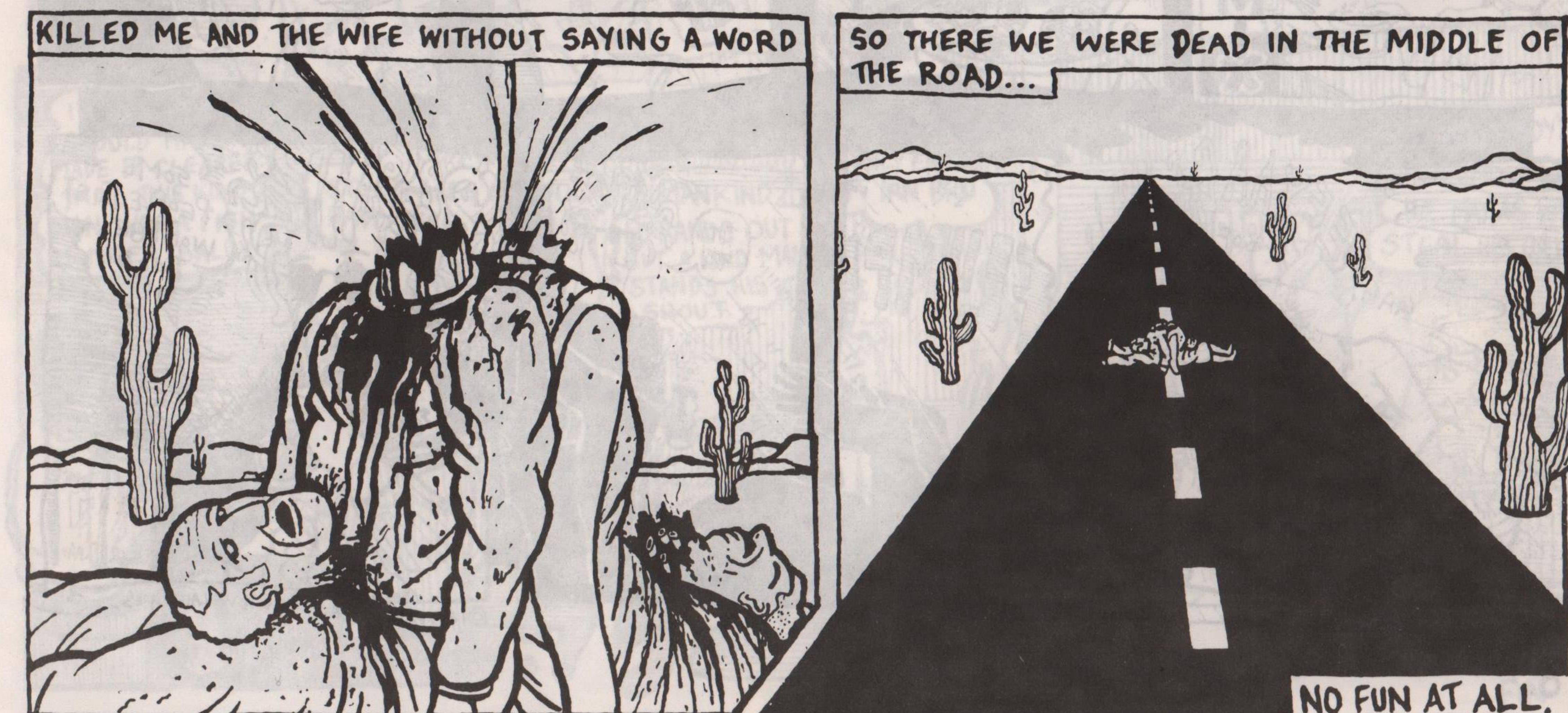
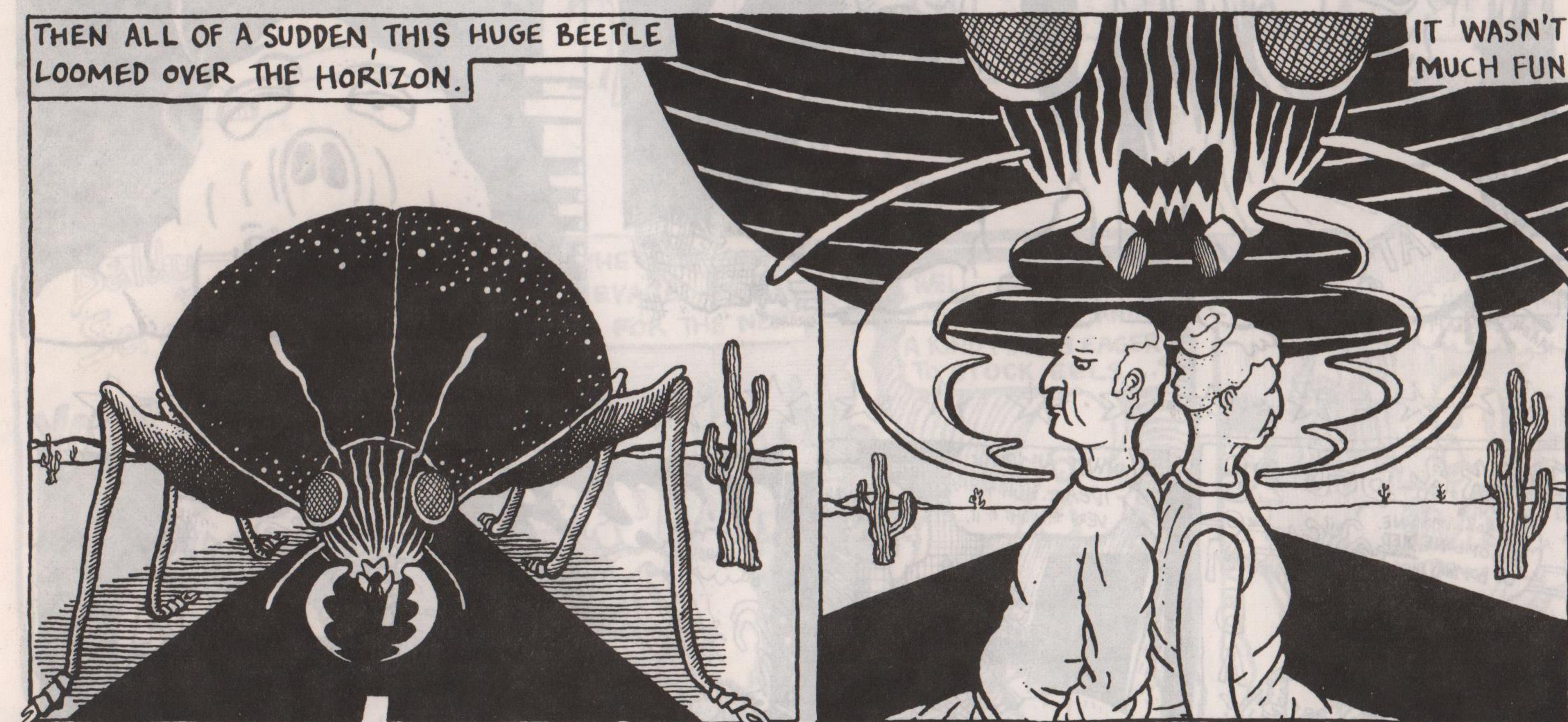
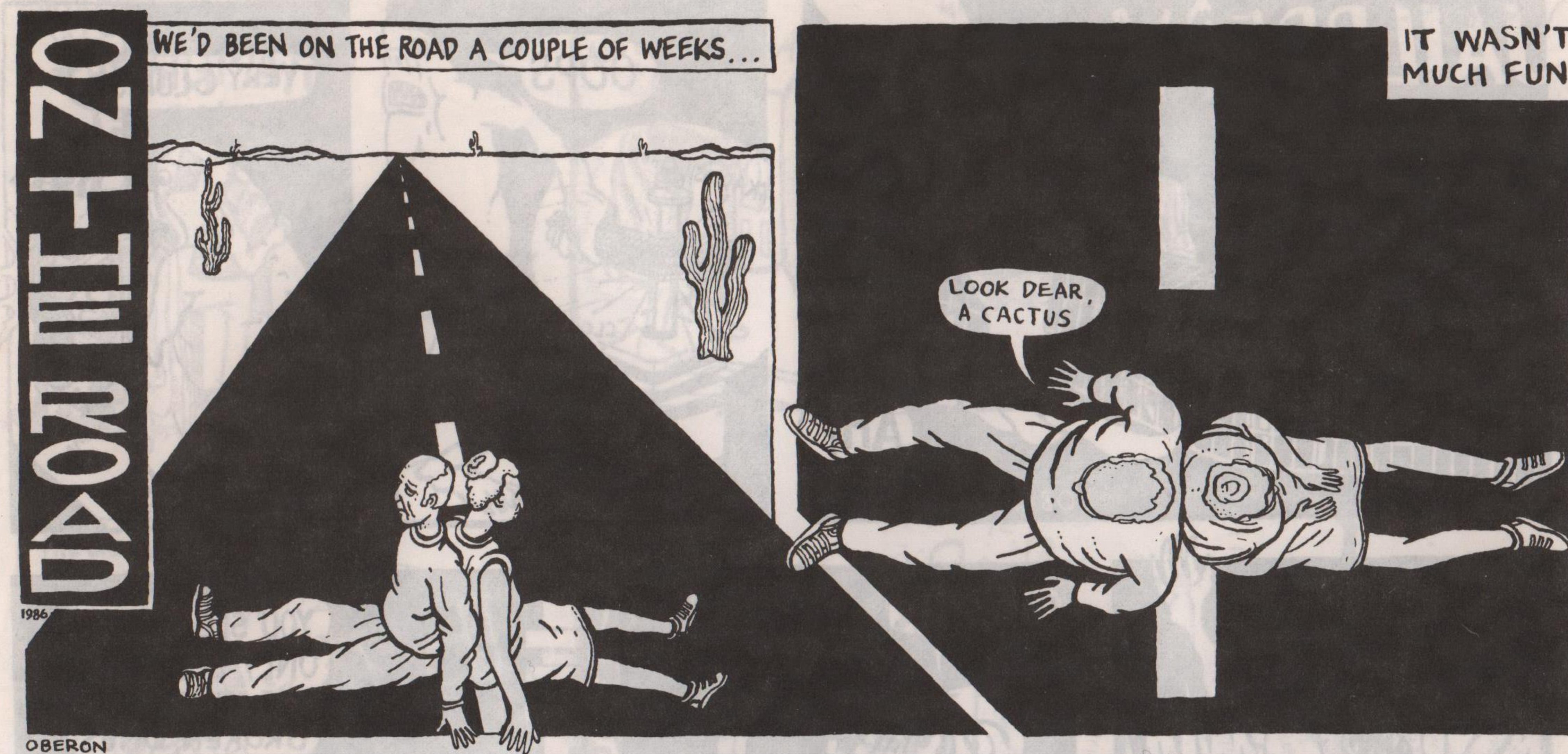


# A Pretentious Cartoon...

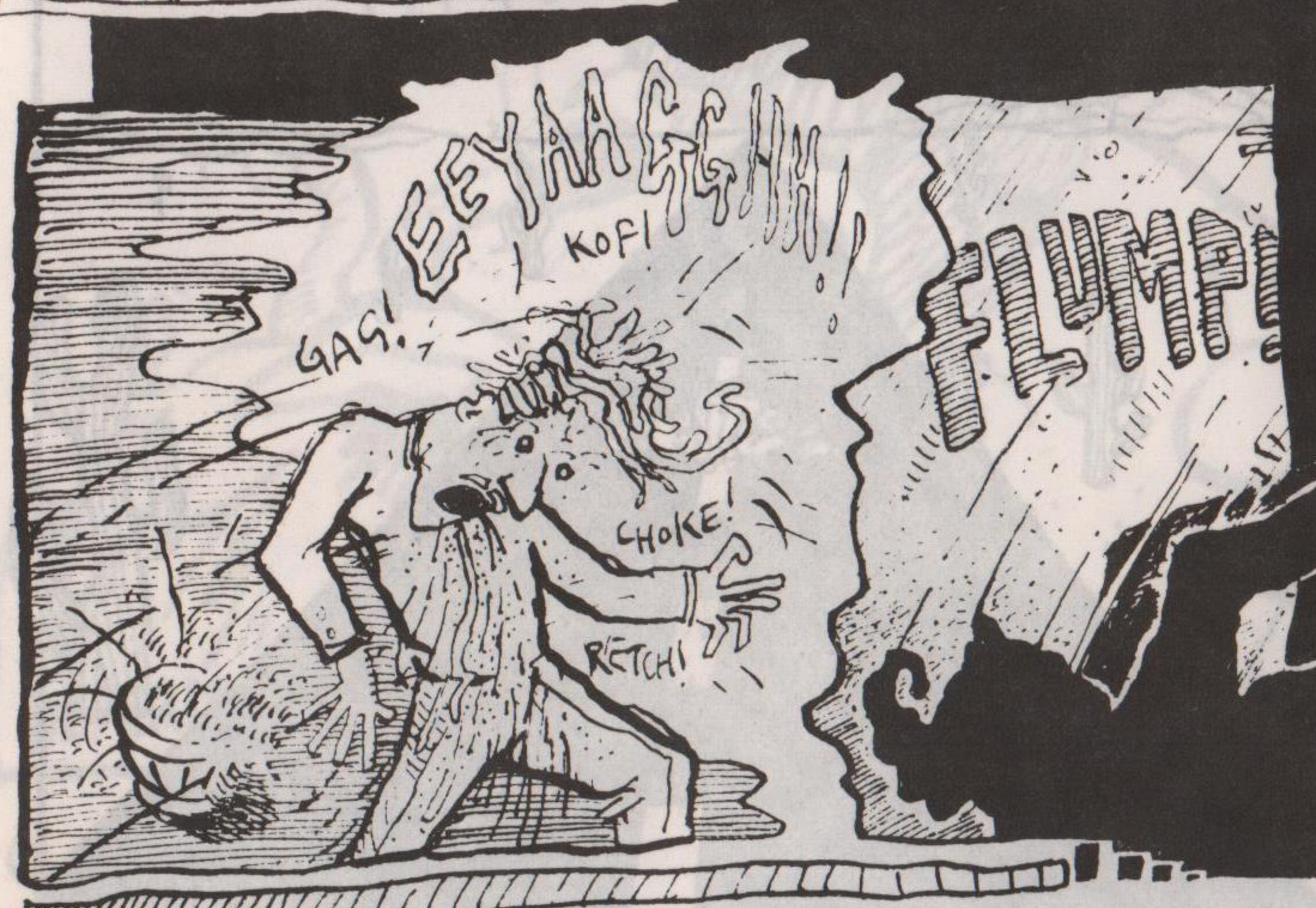
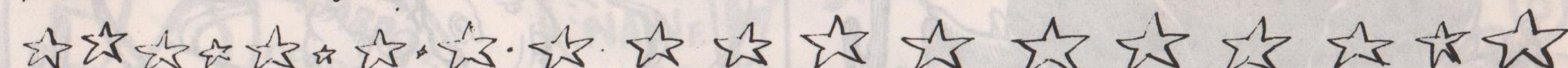
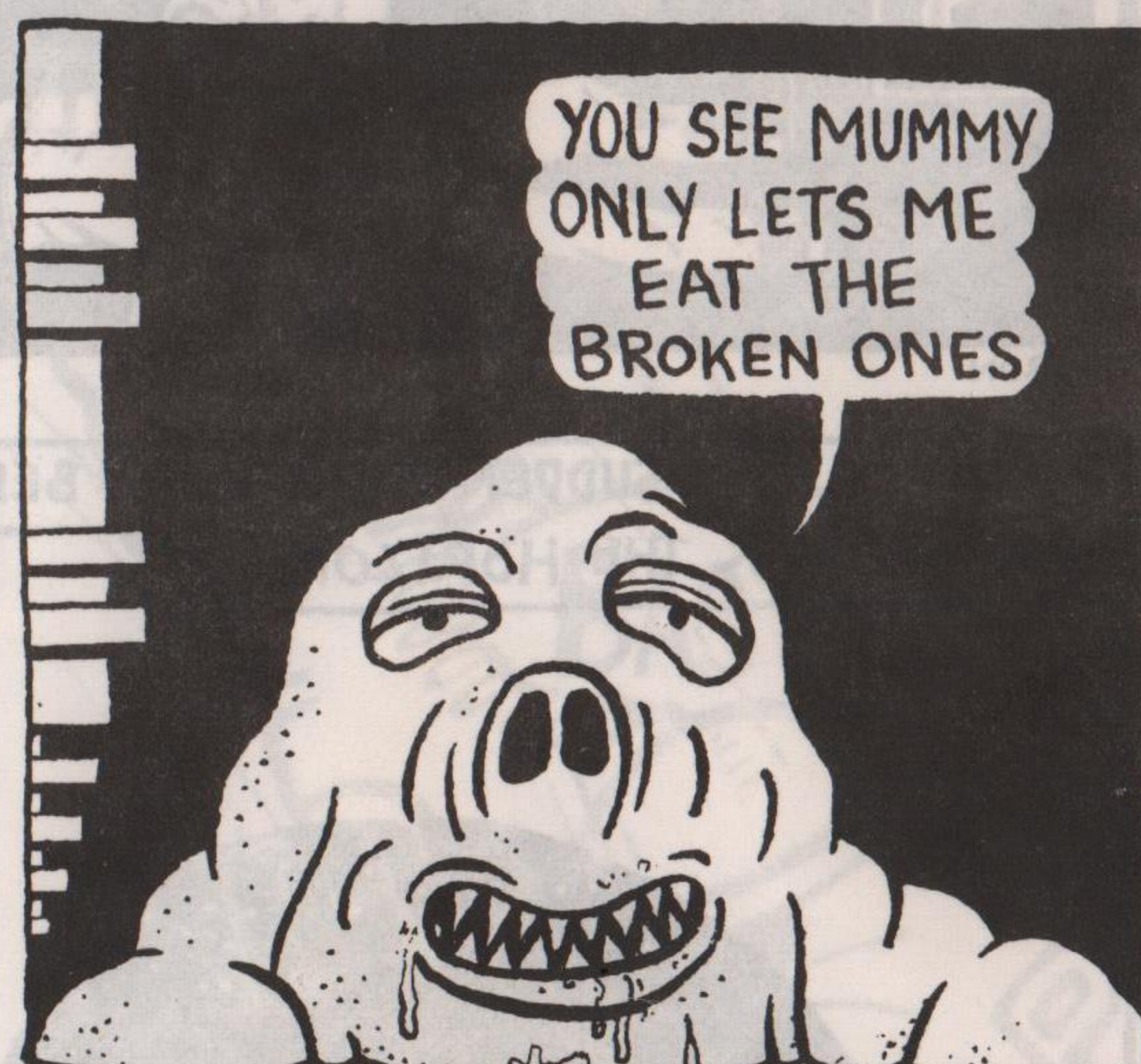
TRANSLATED INTO 3 LANGUAGES  
TO SUIT YOUR MANY MOODS,  
ATMOSPHERES AND  
CONTINENTAL  
VILLAS.



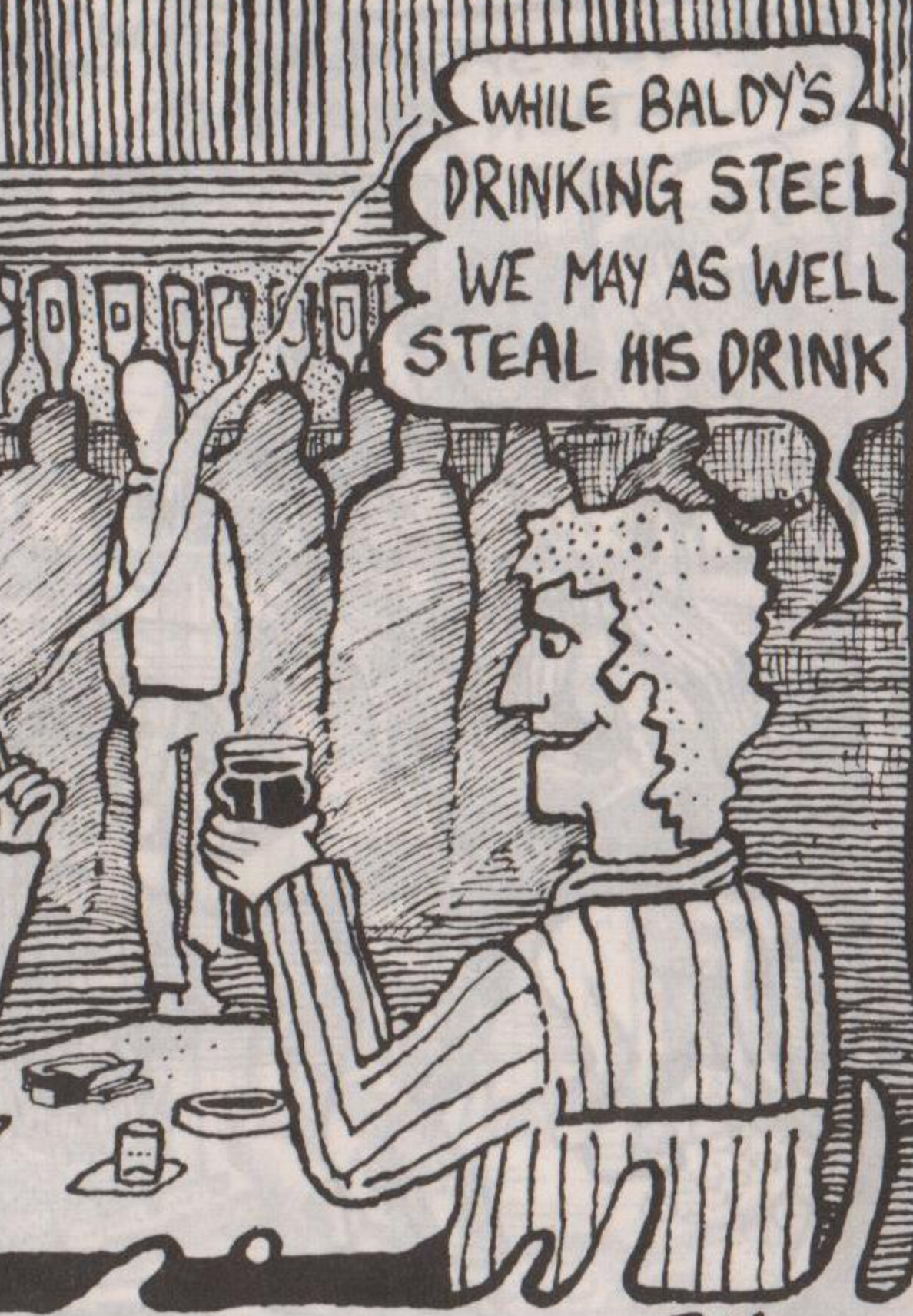
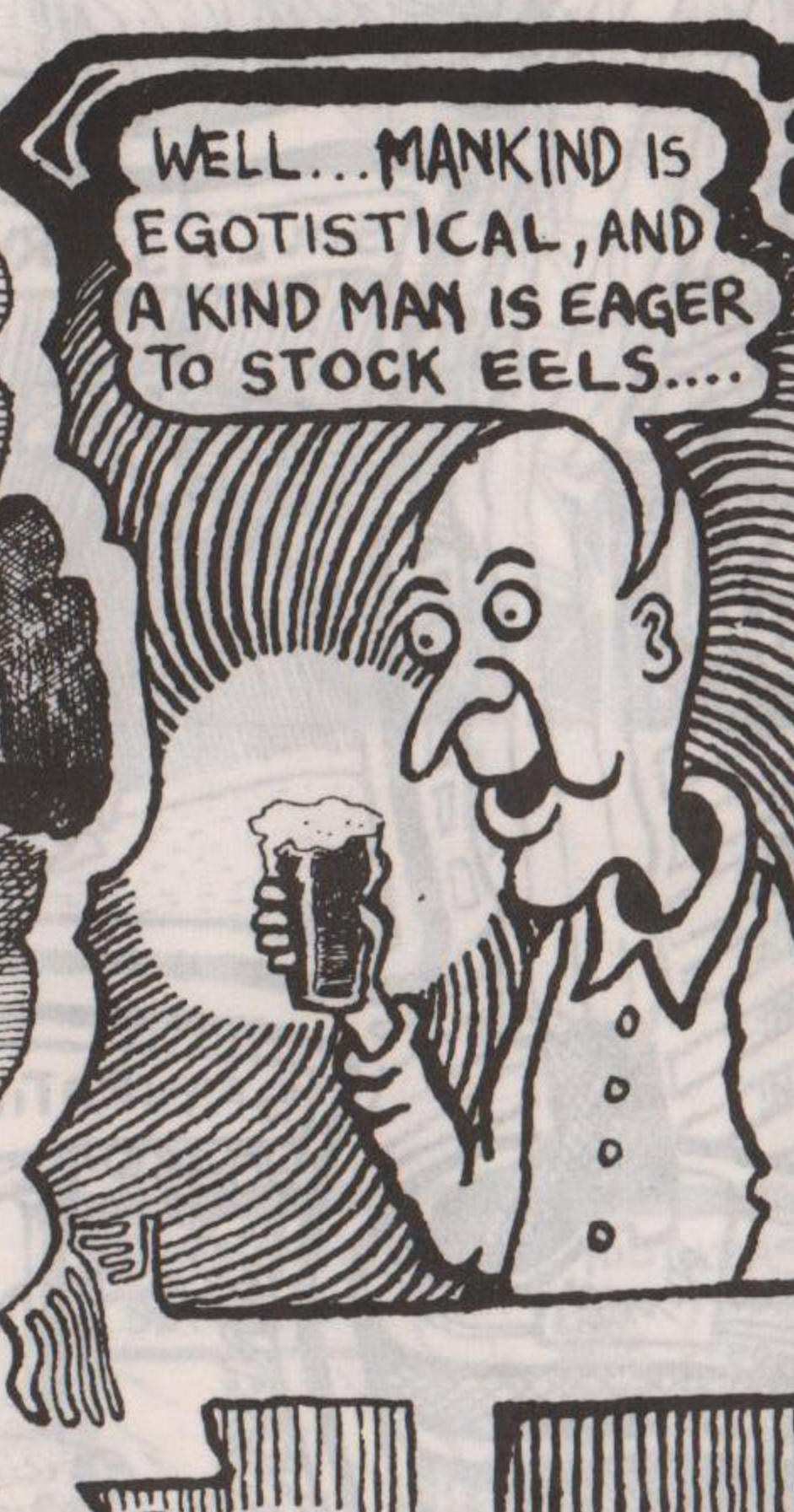
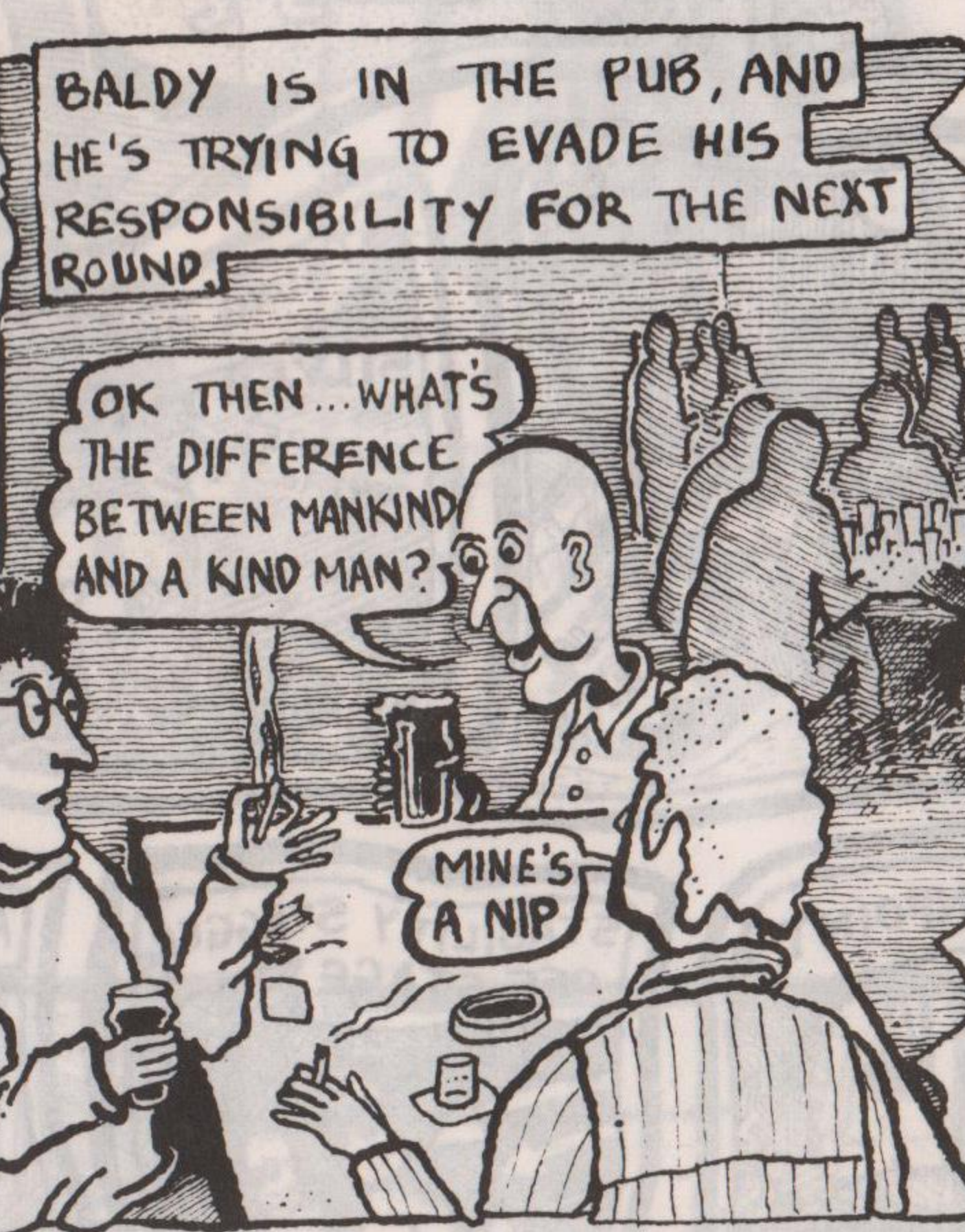
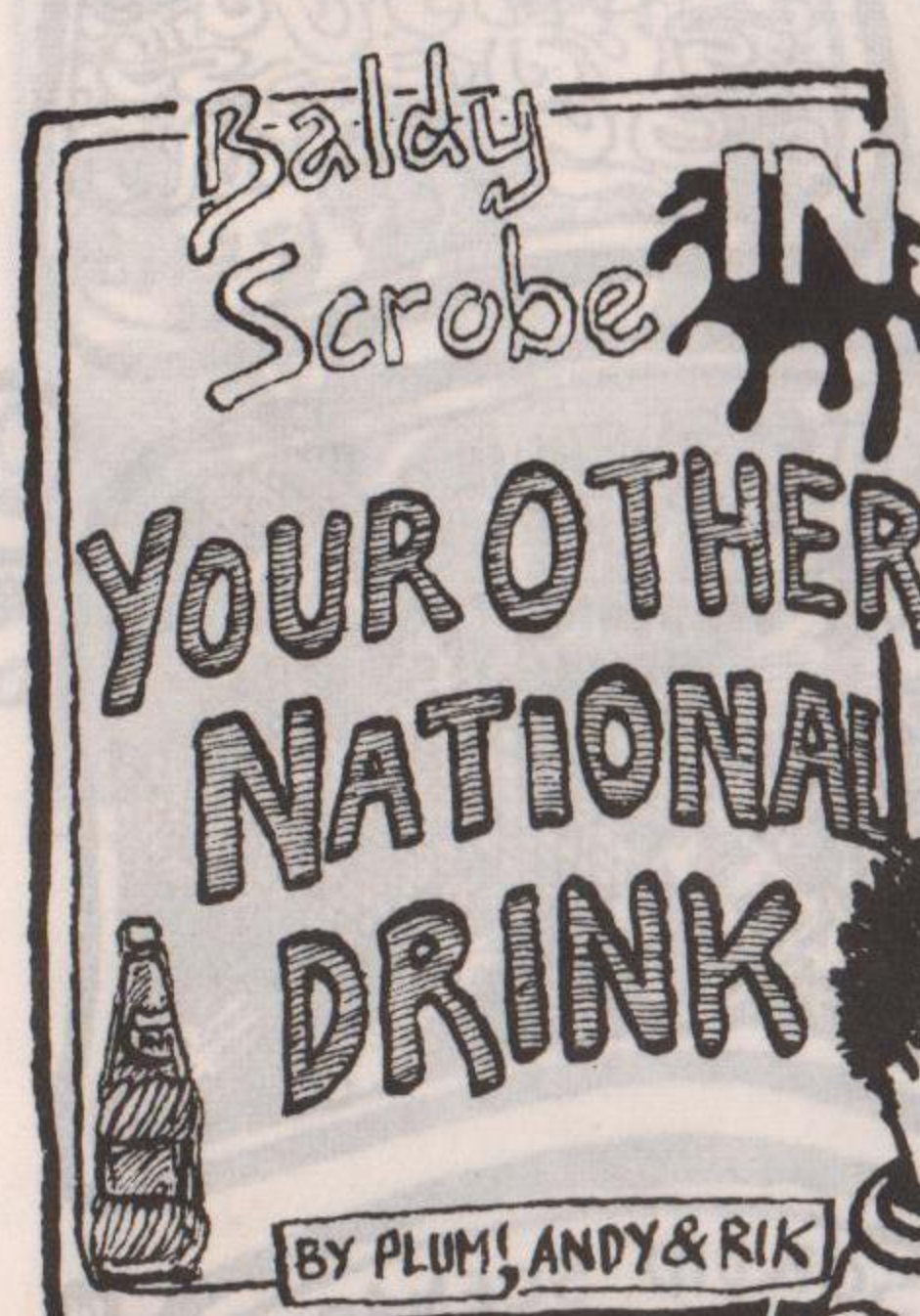
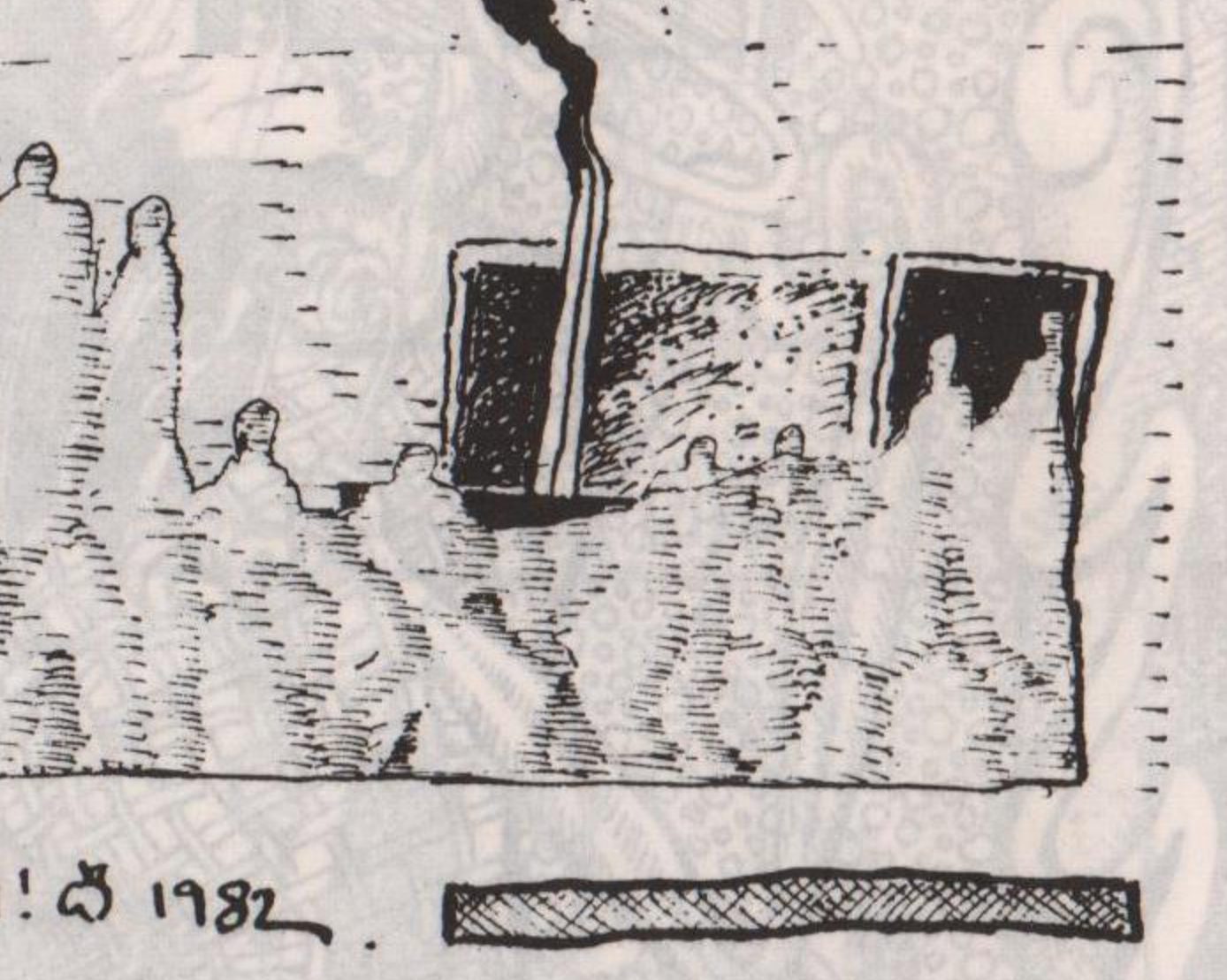
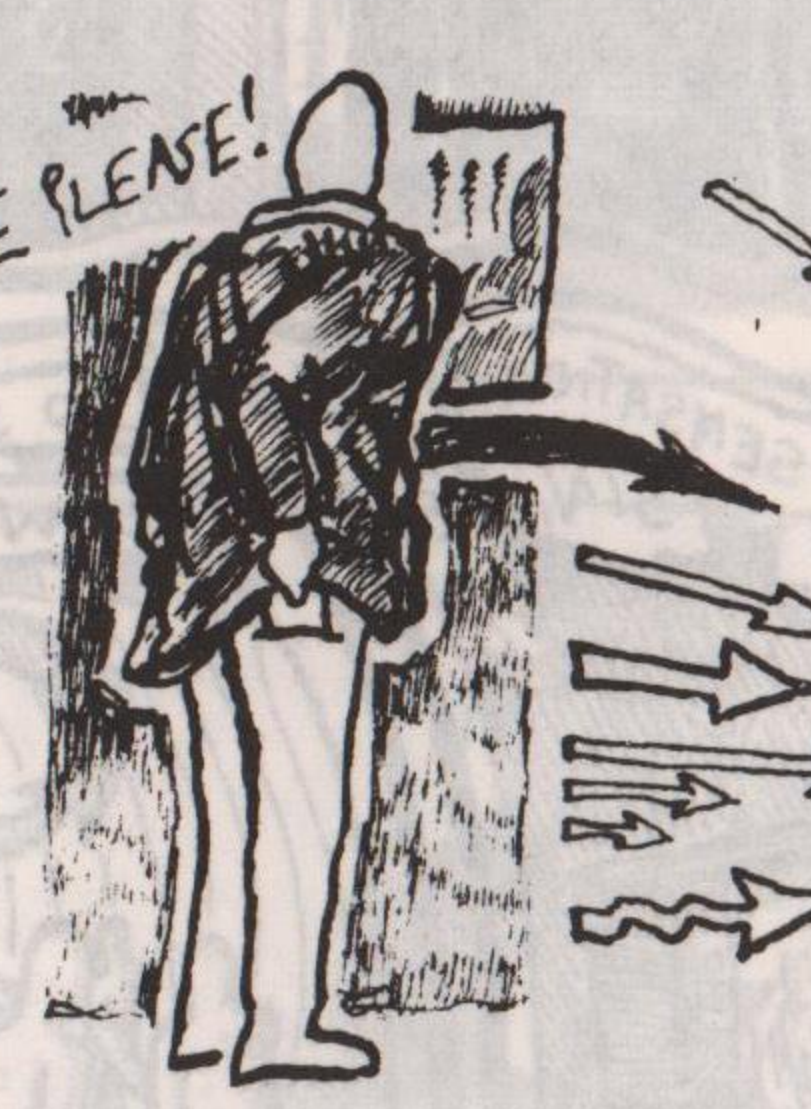
ARTWORK: PLUM! WORDS: ANDY.







©1983 PLUM! & FROM AN IDEA OF LAURENCE'S.







## CROWNCORPSE

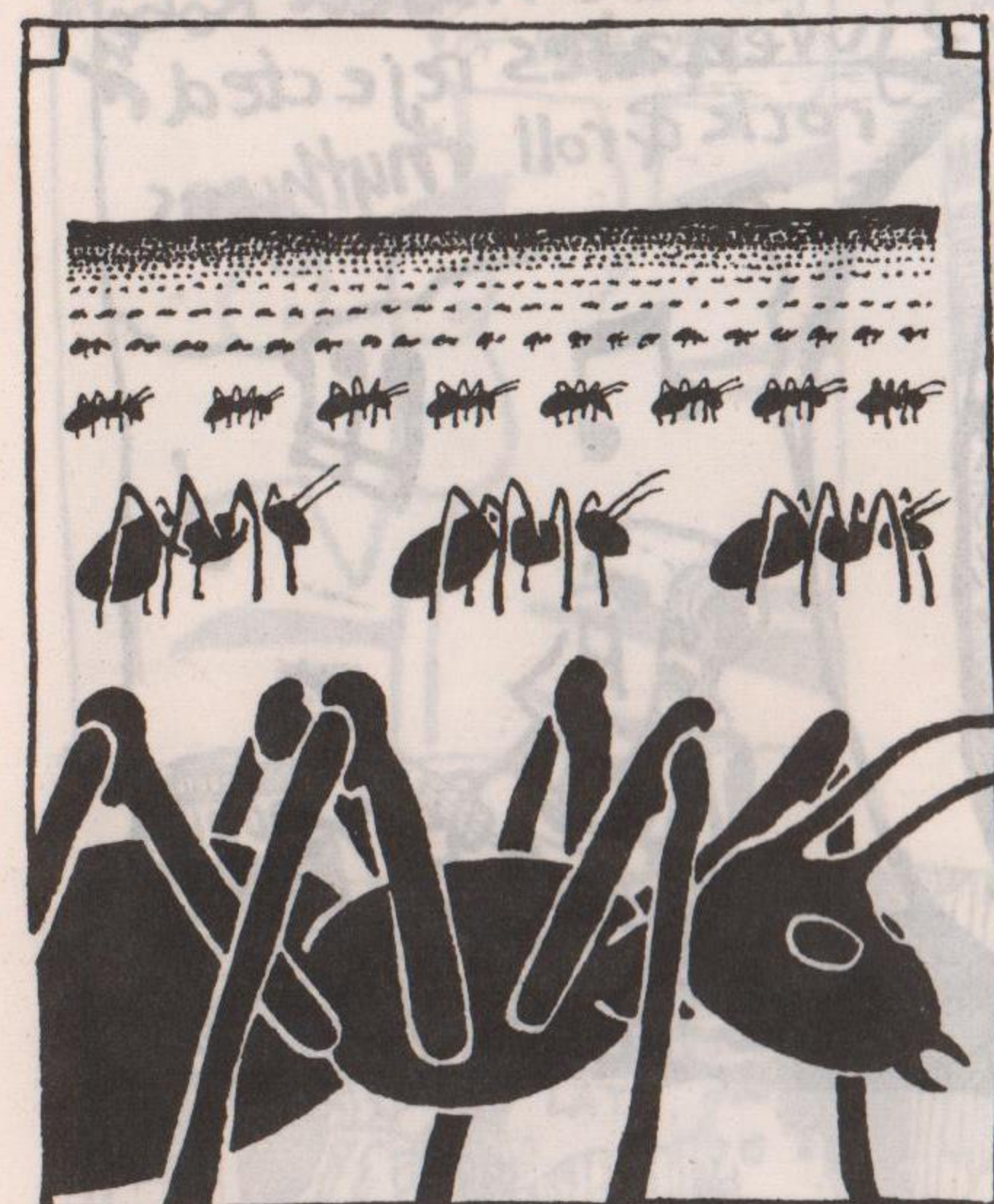
THE QUEEN'S EYE BLEEDING SLOWLY.



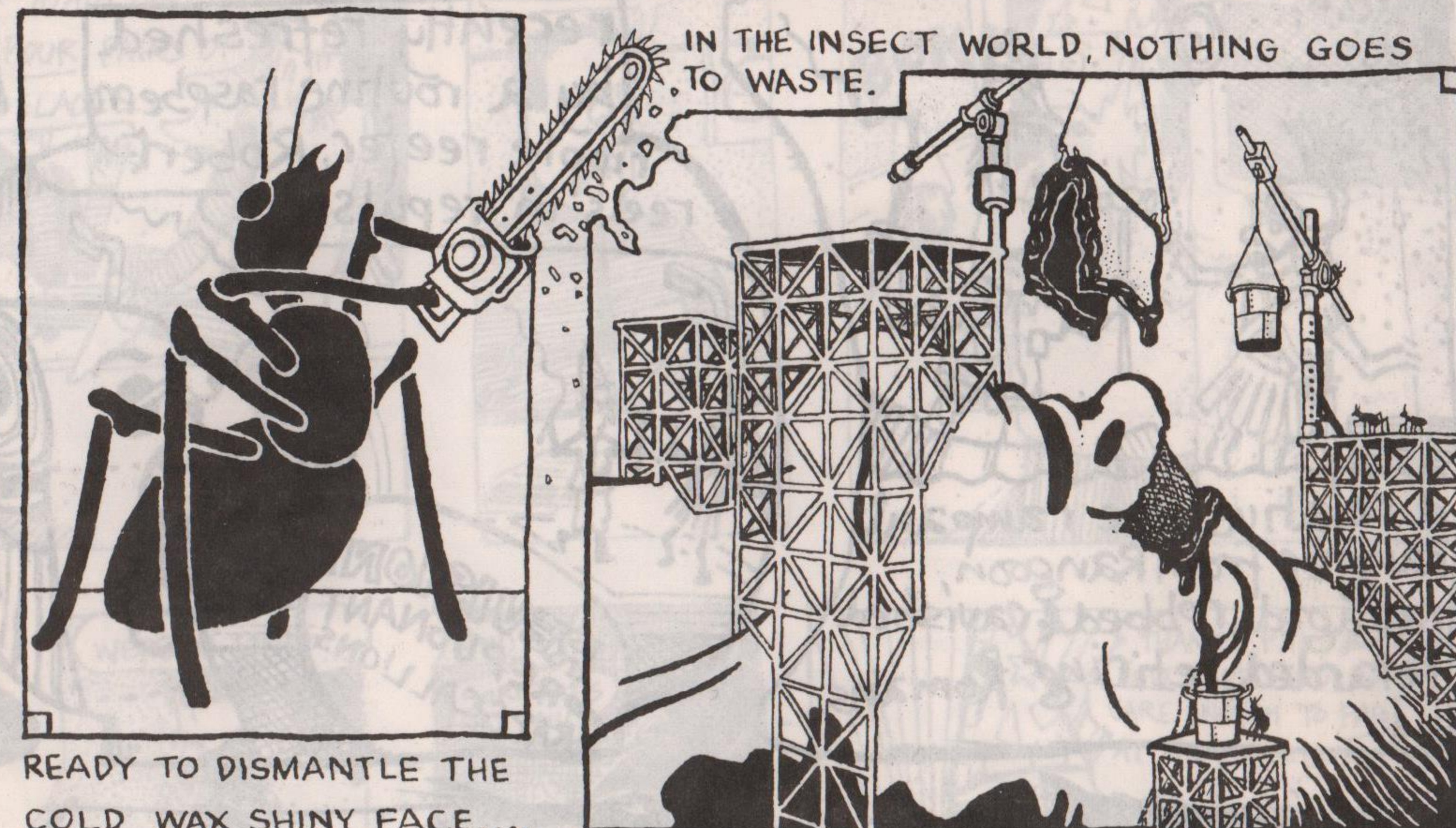
FROM BENEATH THE LID THE INSECTS CRAWL, EACH BEARING AN EYE-LASH, FRESH PLUCKED.



IN A SHORT TIME THE ANTS WILL FLOCK



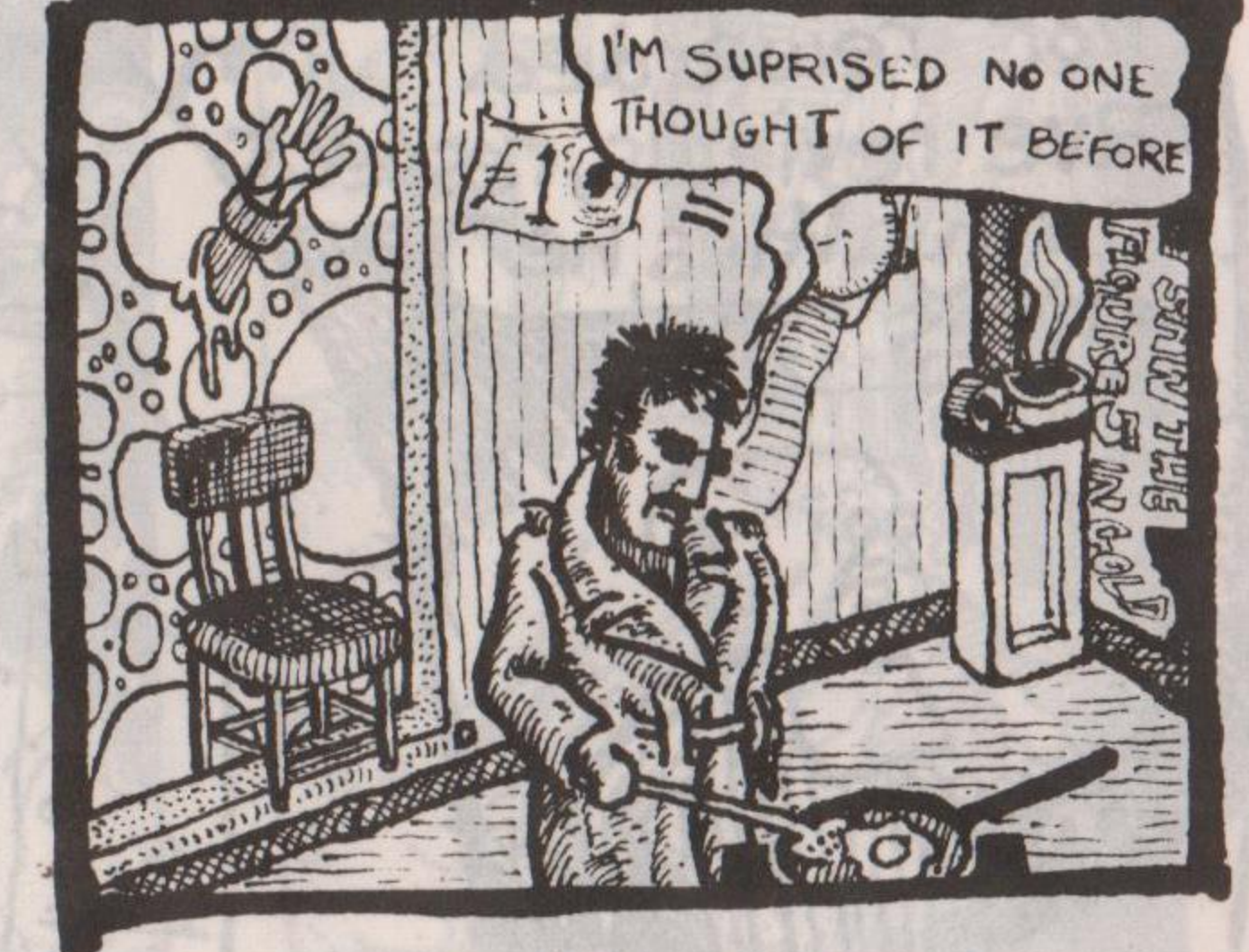
IN THE INSECT WORLD, NOTHING GOES TO WASTE.



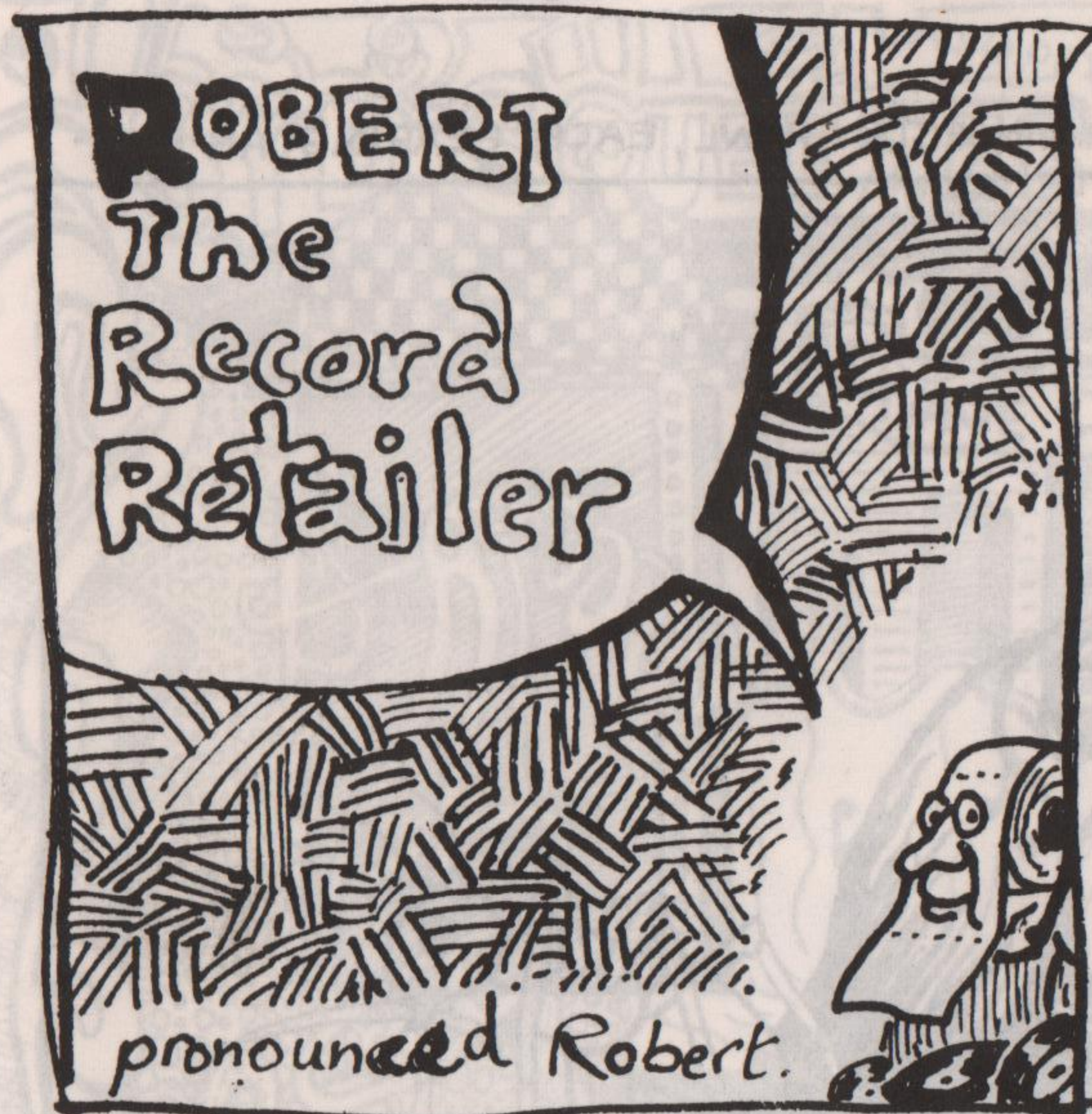
READY TO DISMANTLE THE COLD WAX SHINY FACE....

THE GREAT IDEAL IS ACHIEVED

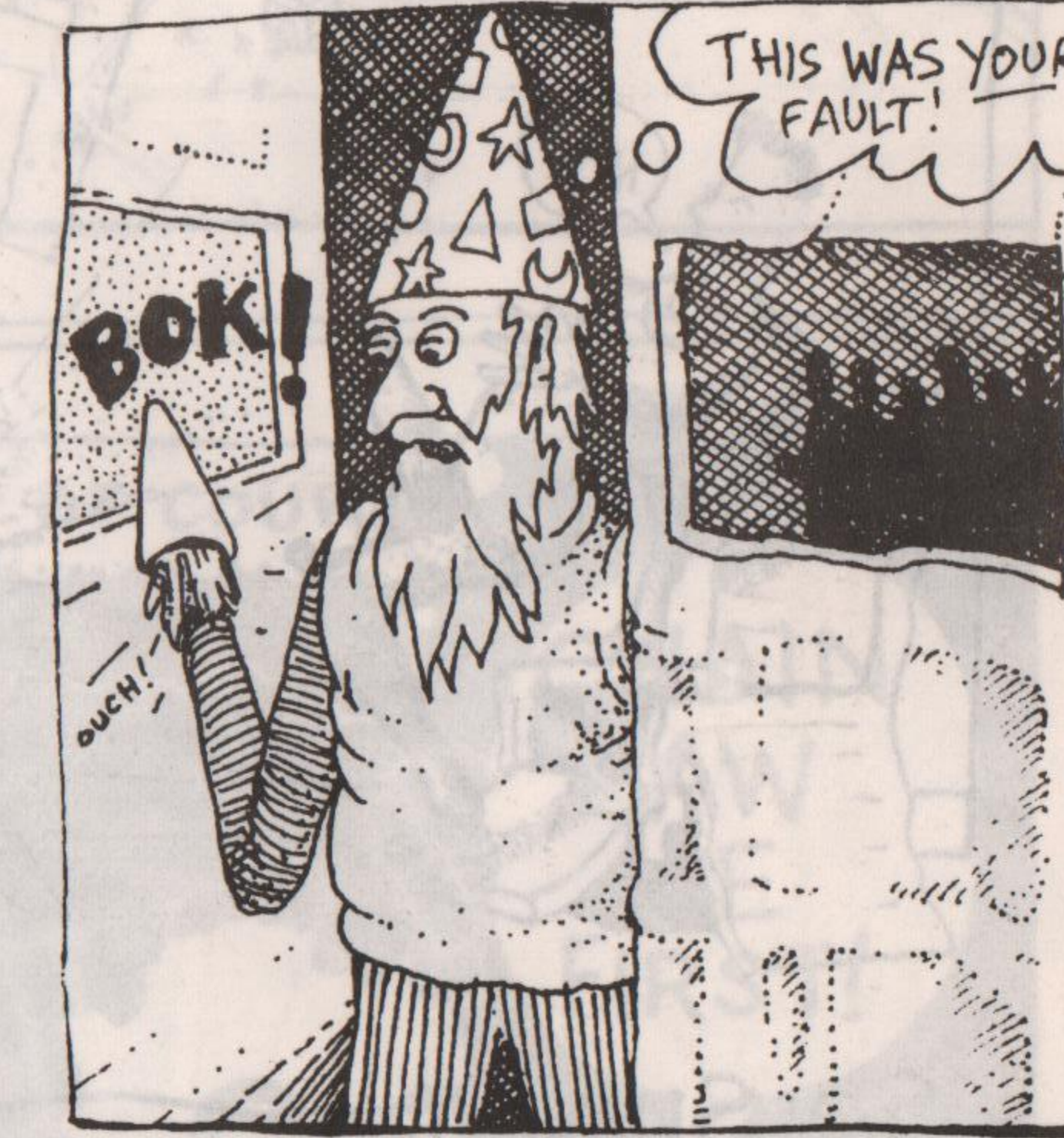
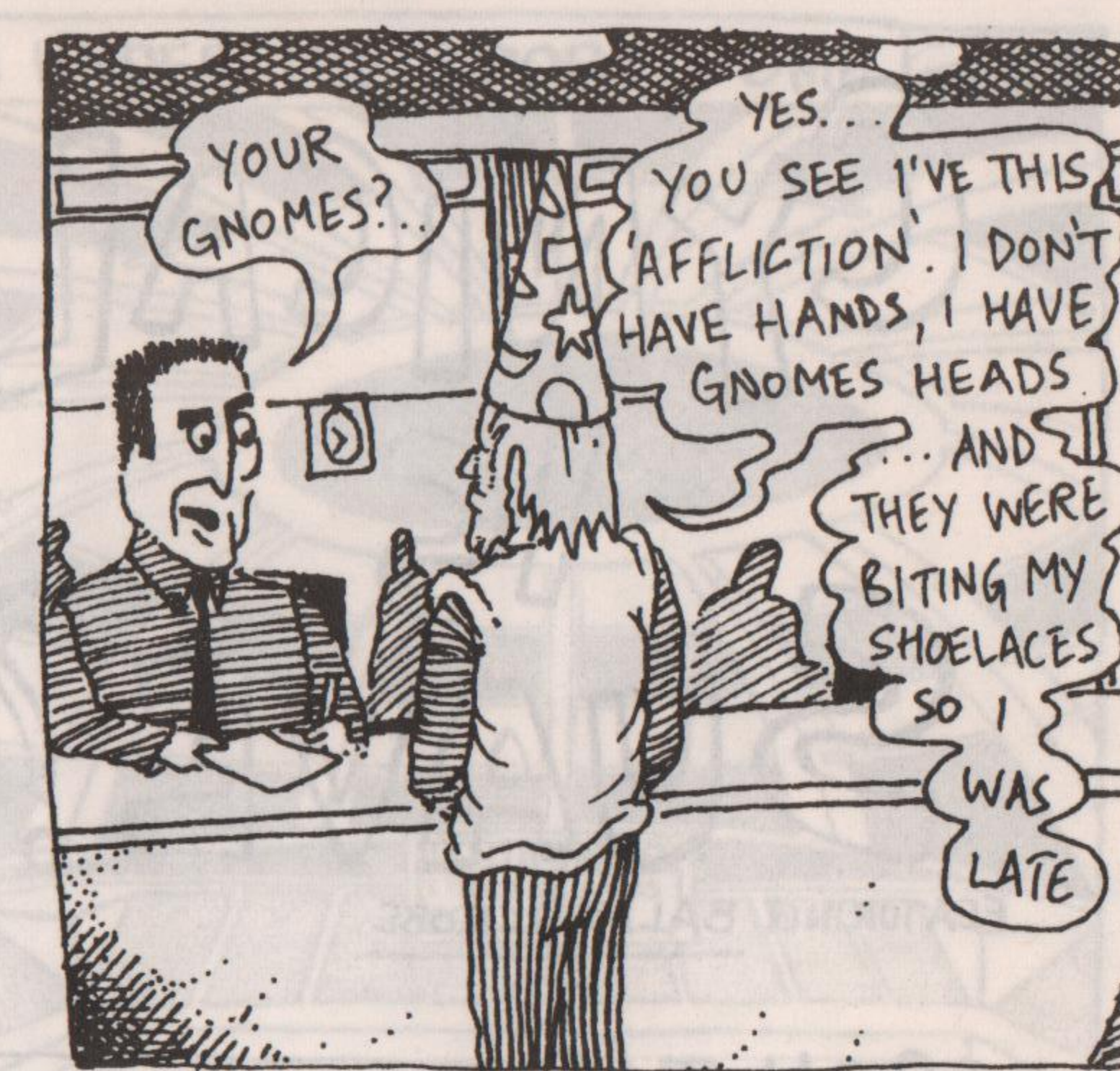
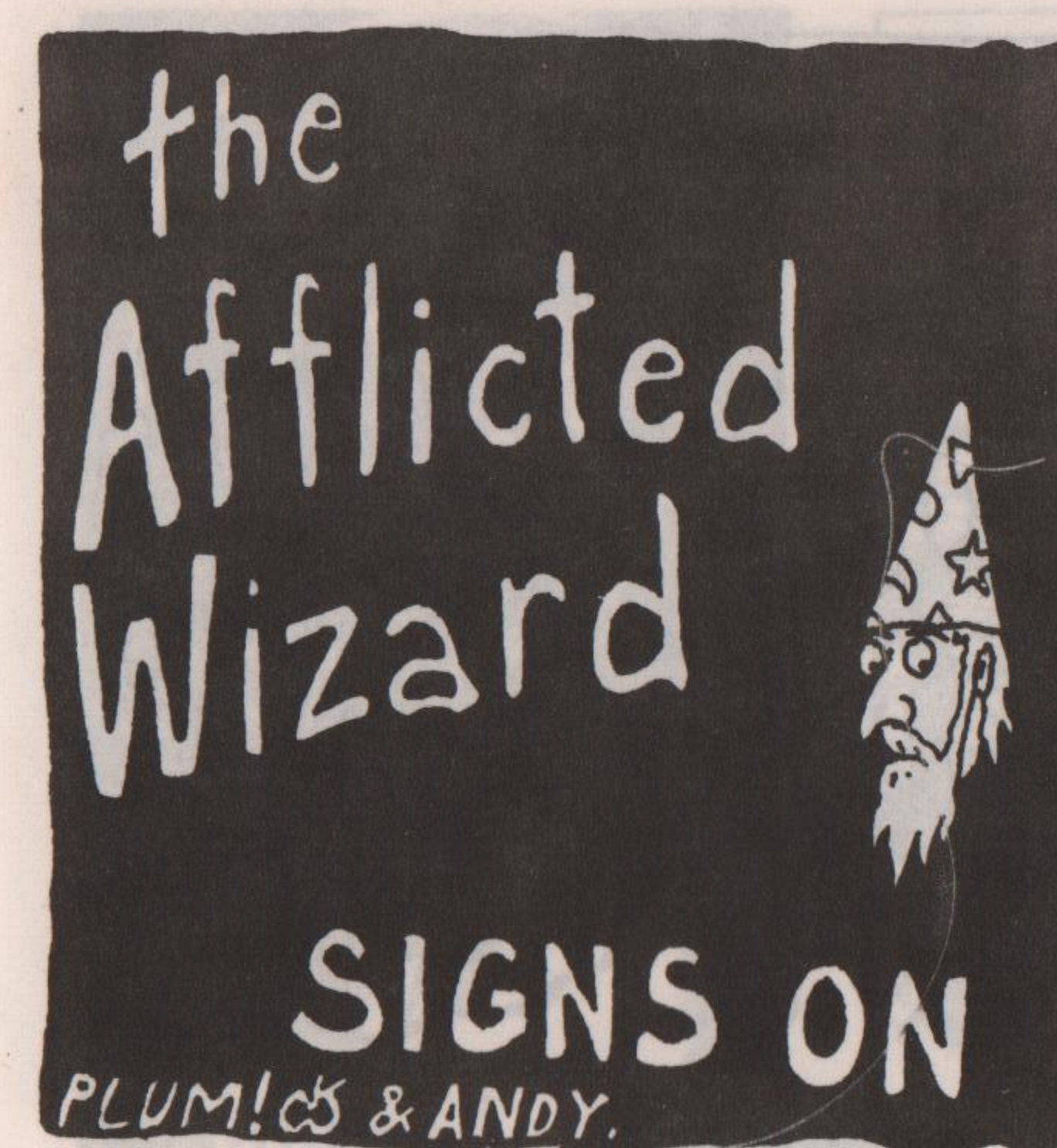
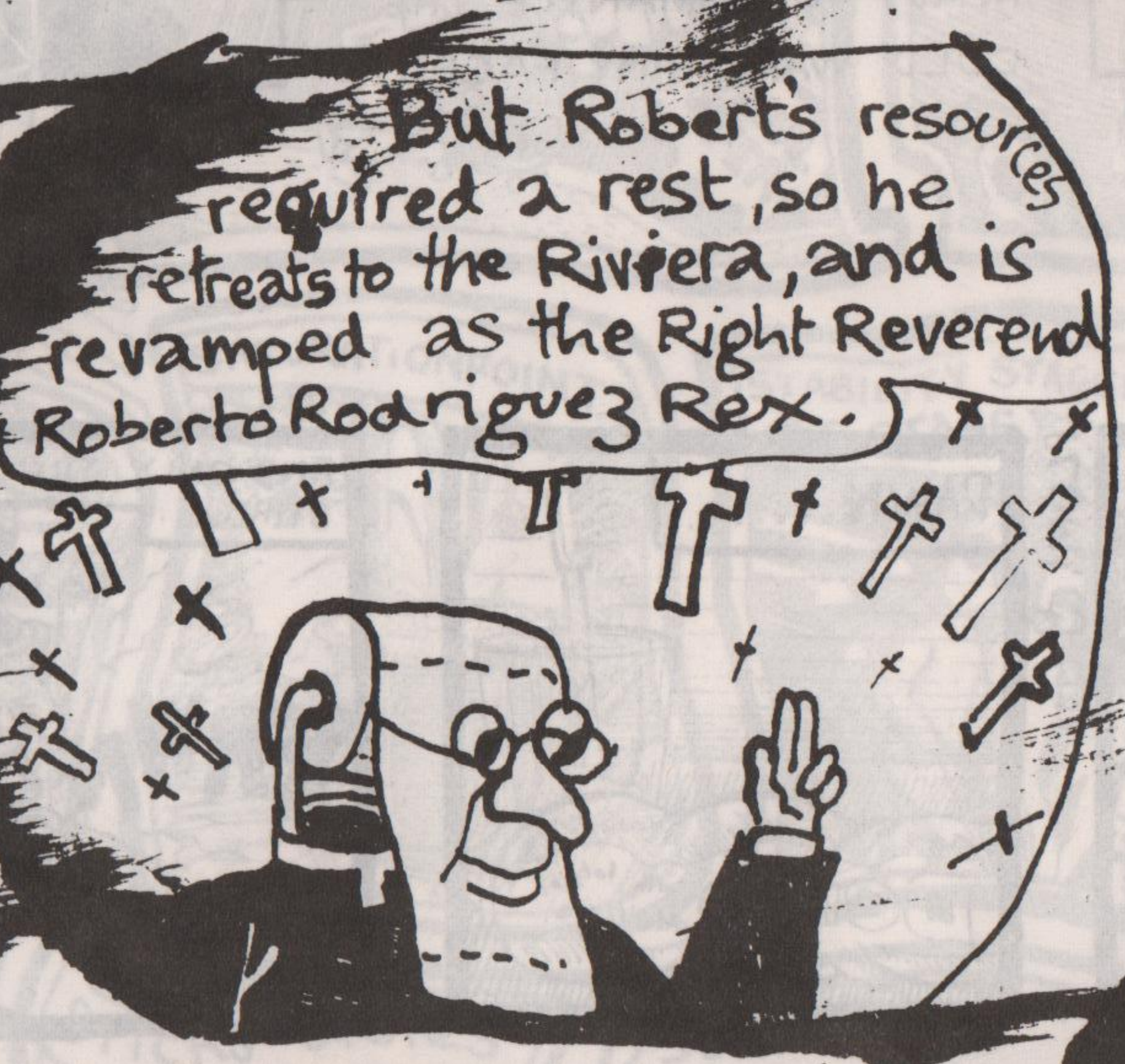
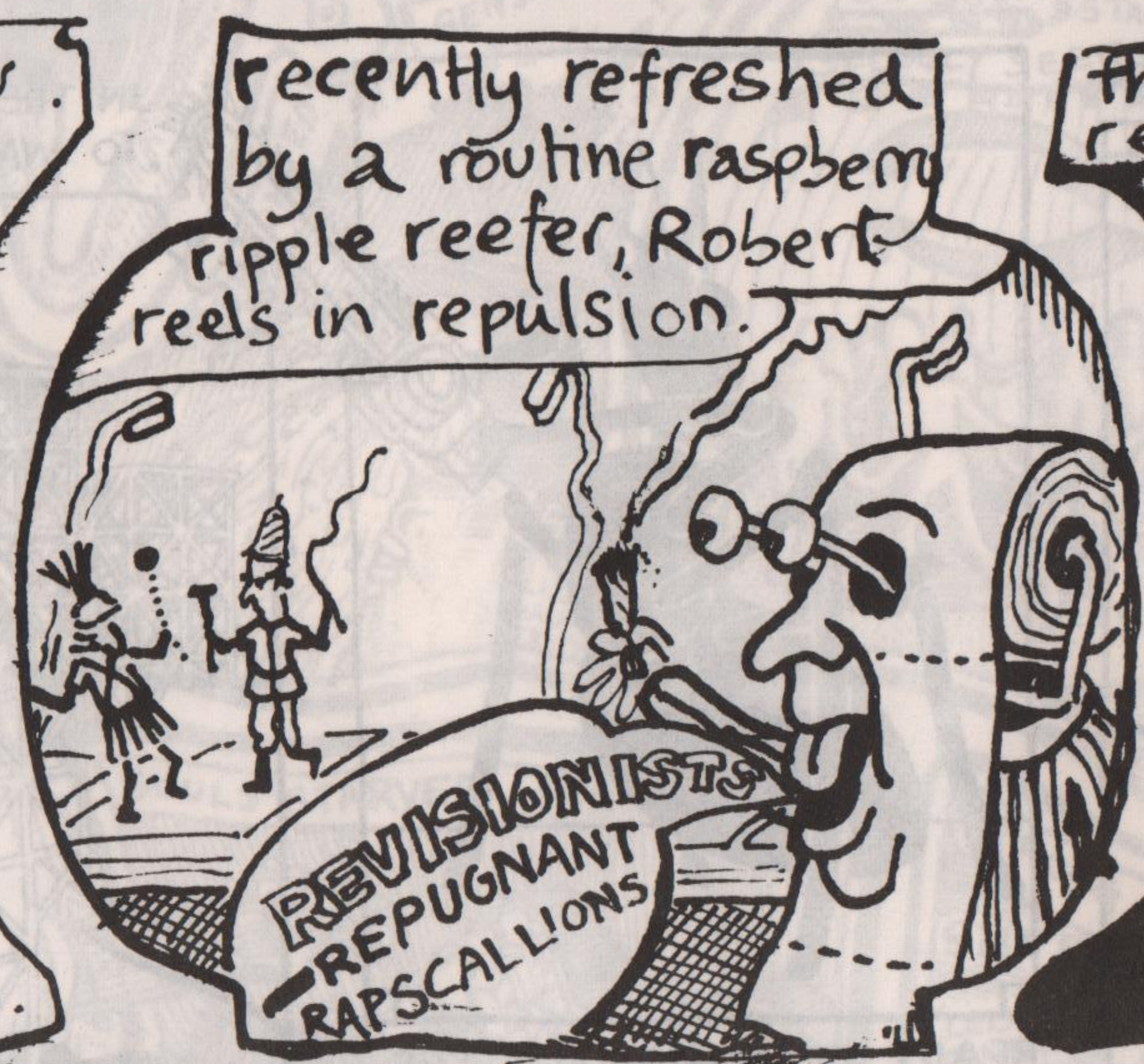
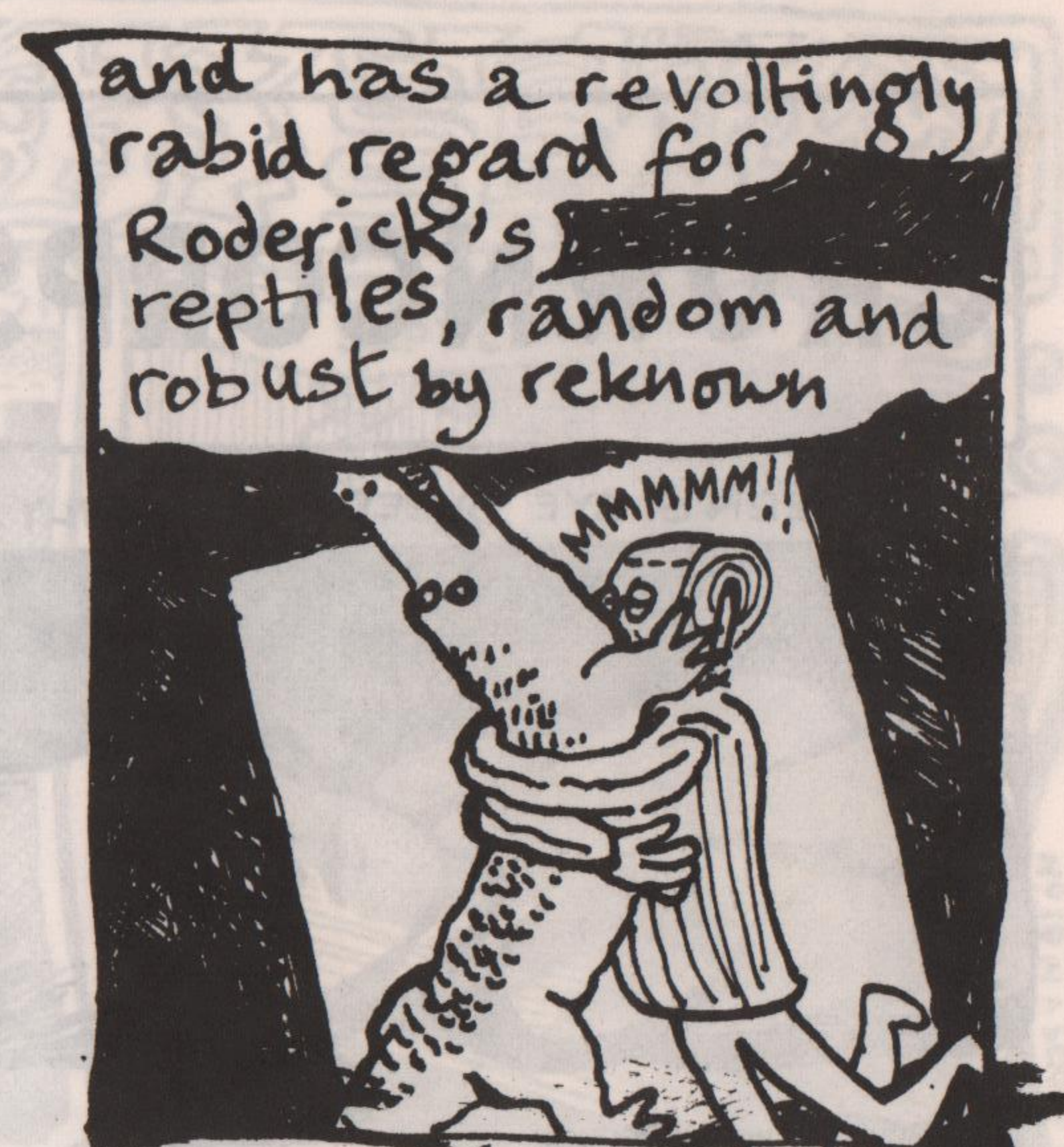
BUT AT WHAT PRICE?







No 18 in a series of 26.

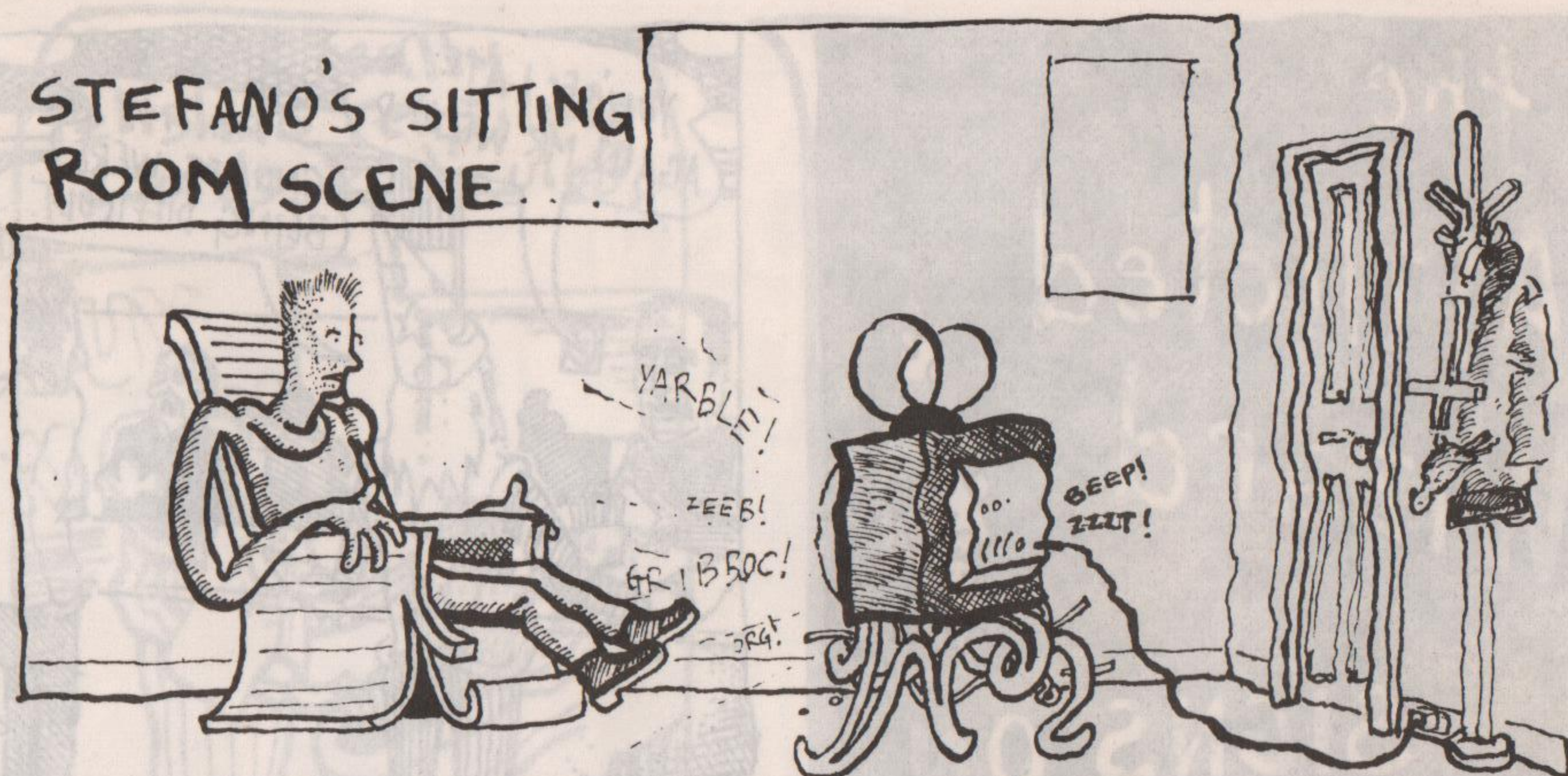




# CYNICAL IS SUAVE?

FEATURING BALDY SCROBE.

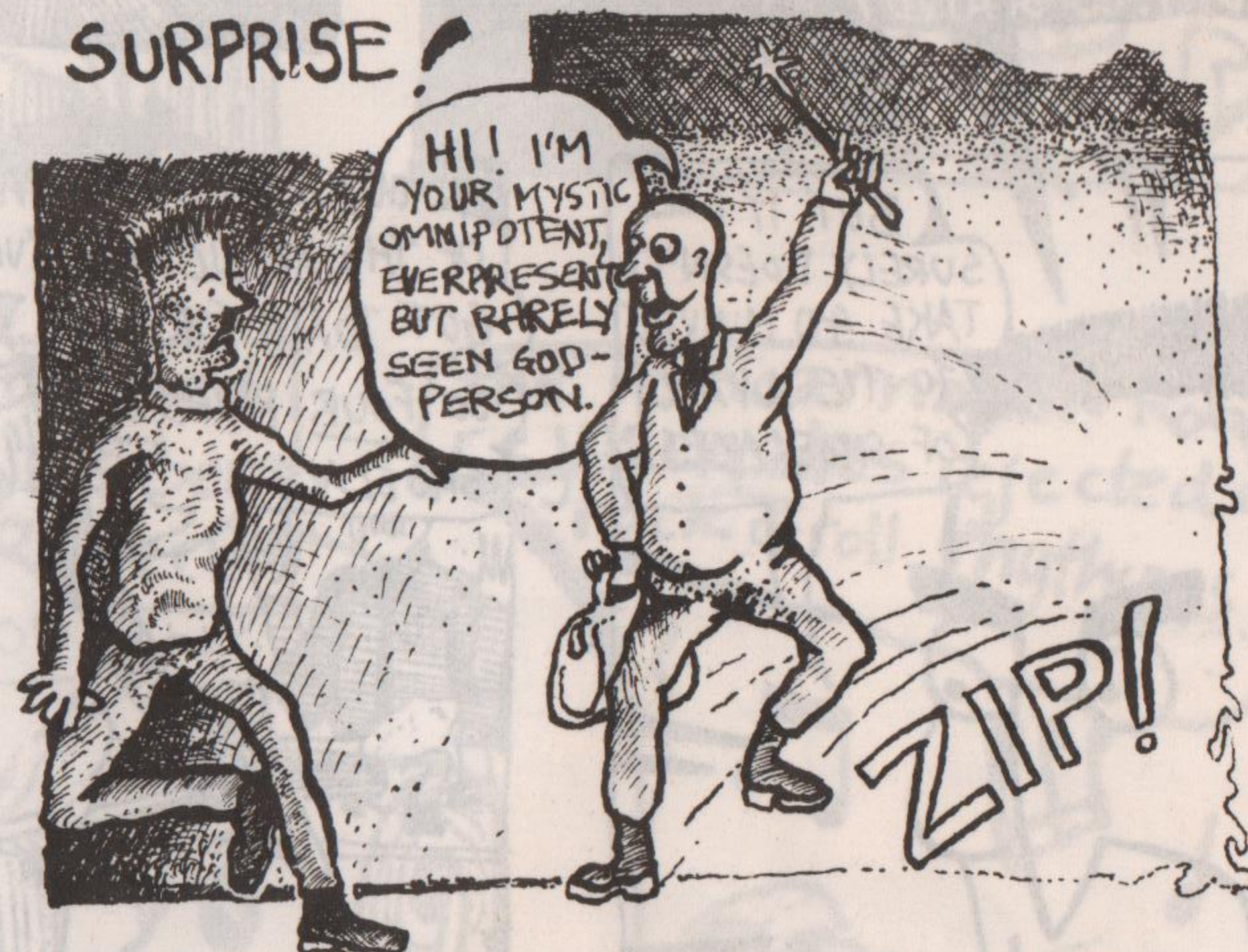
STEFANO'S SITTING ROOM SCENE...



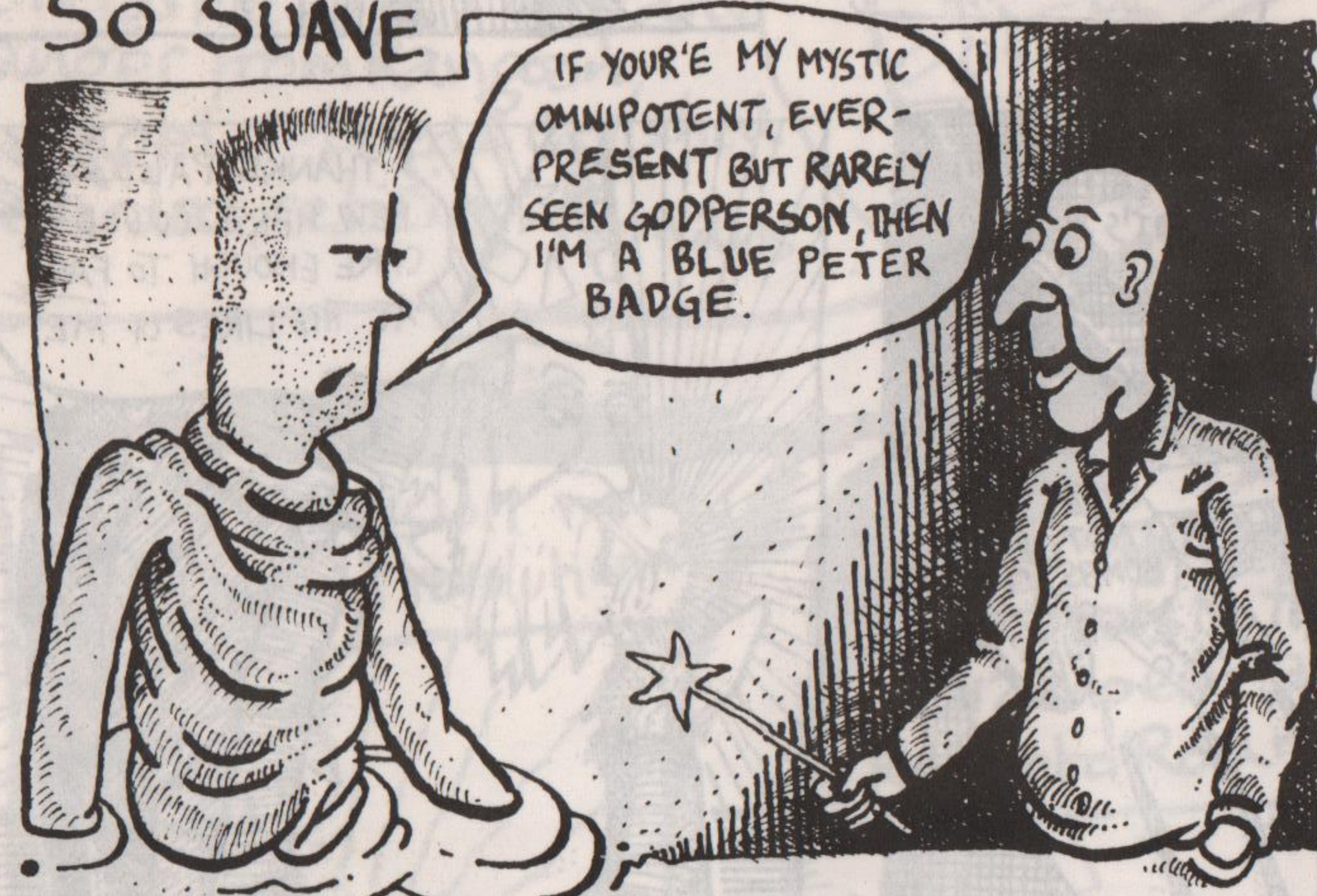
SPOILT!!



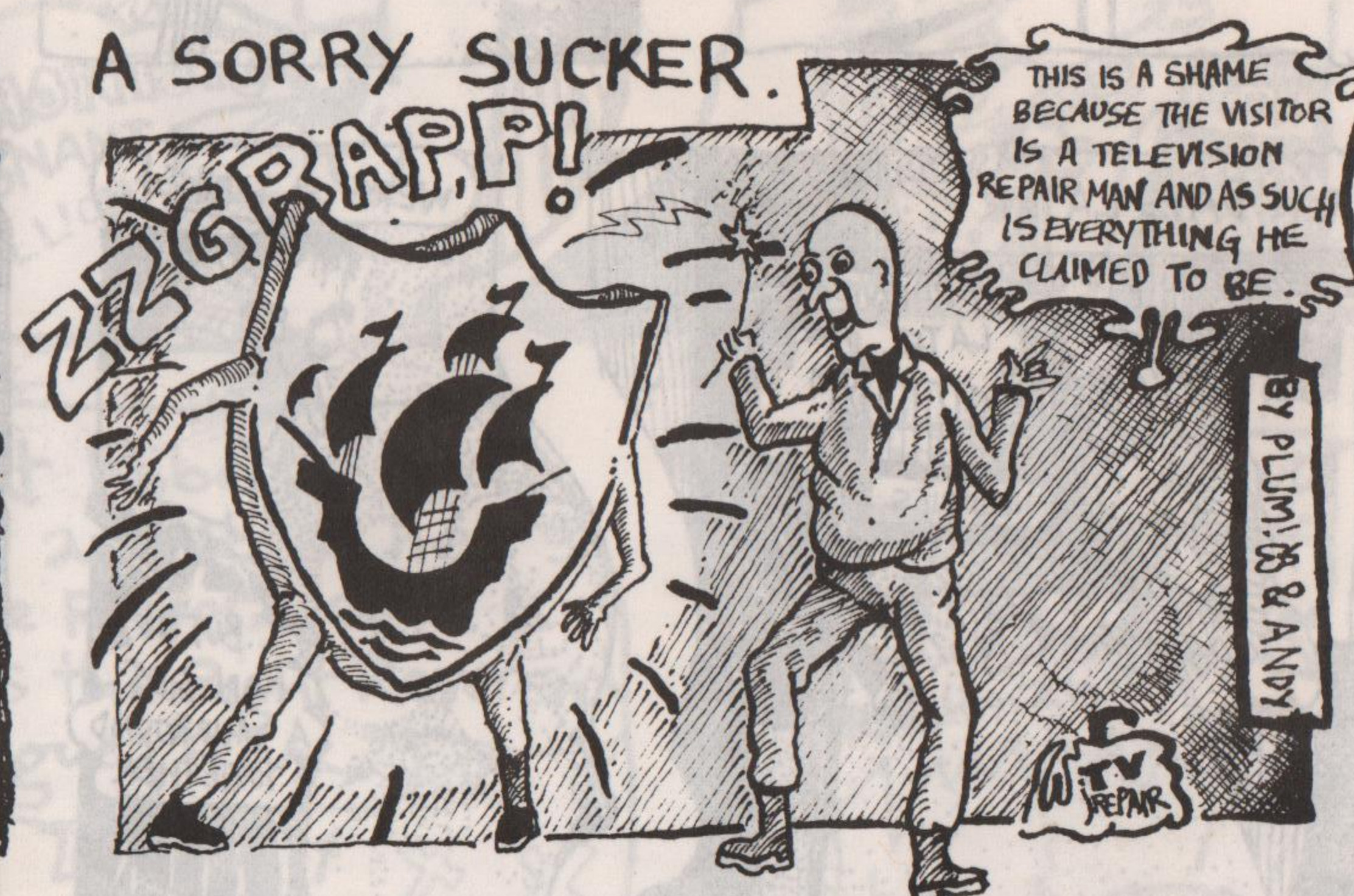
SURPRISE!



SO SUAVE



A SORRY SUCKER.



# WASH HOUSE

## WASH HOUSE

3 BAND REHEARSAL ROOMS AVAILABLE

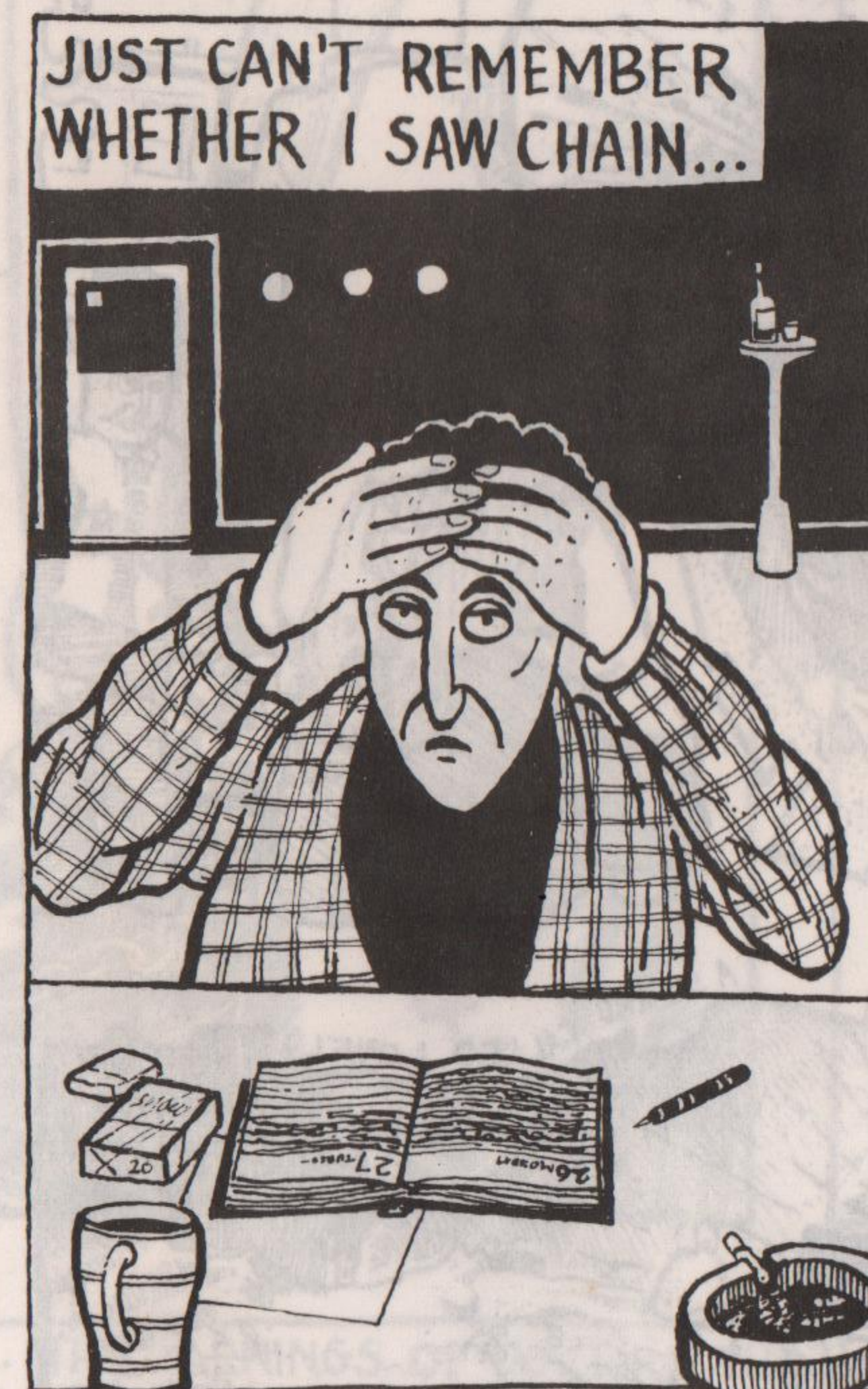
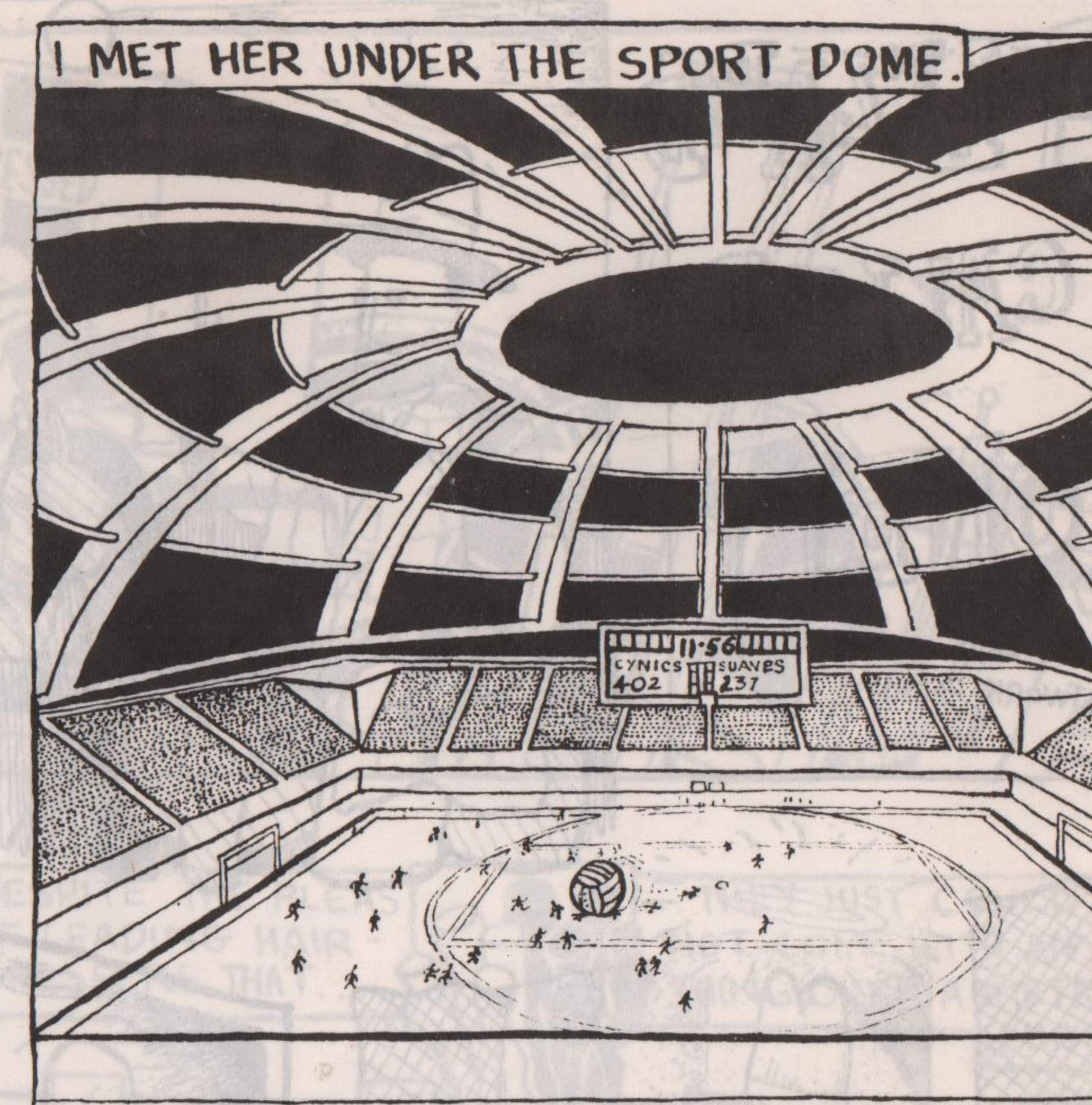
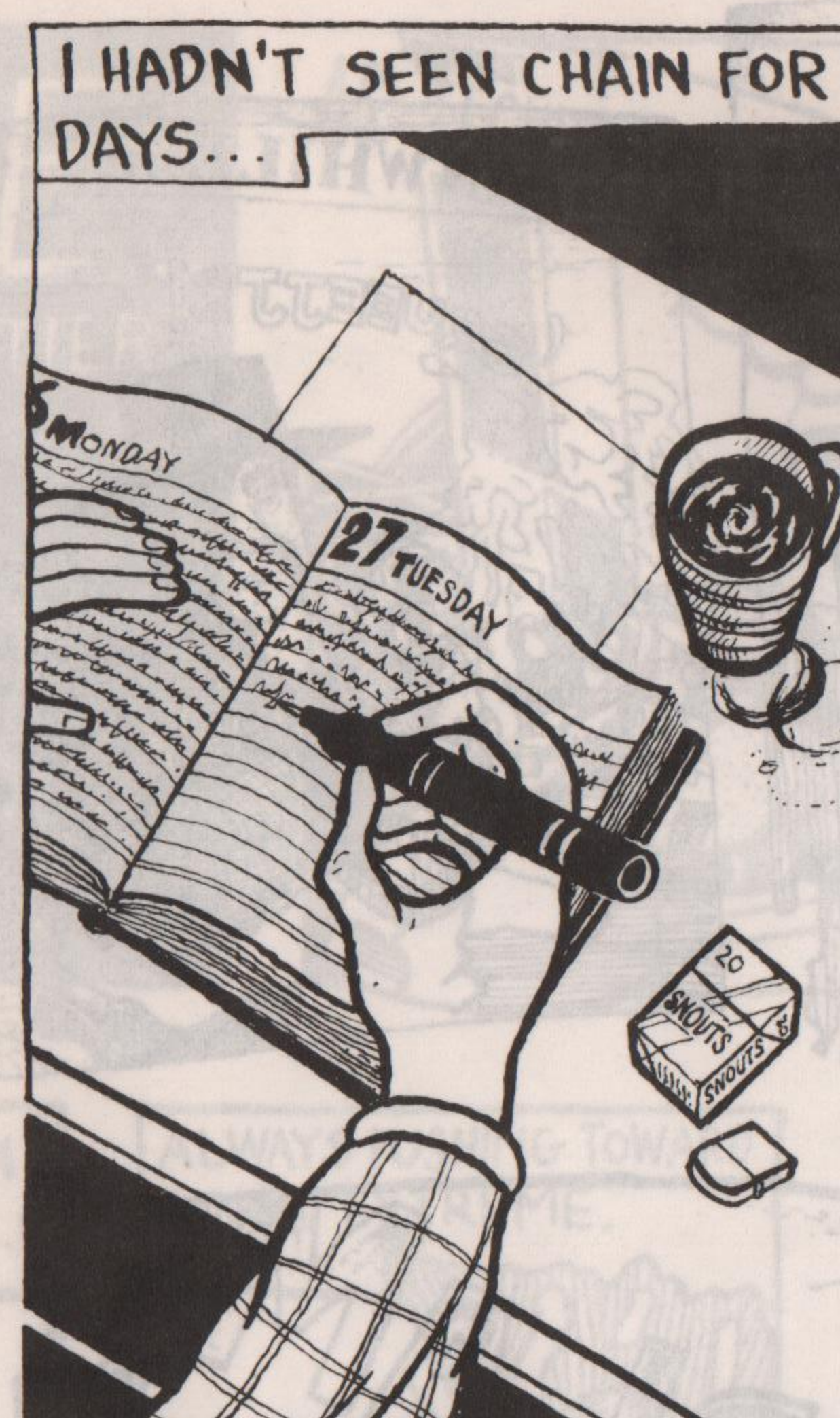
24 HRS A DAY 7 DAYS A WEEK £2/HR  
STORAGE SPACE AVAILABLE

FOR FURTHER DETAILS CONTACT  
THE GATEWAY EXCHANGE

2/4 ABBEYMOUNT TEL 031 661 0992



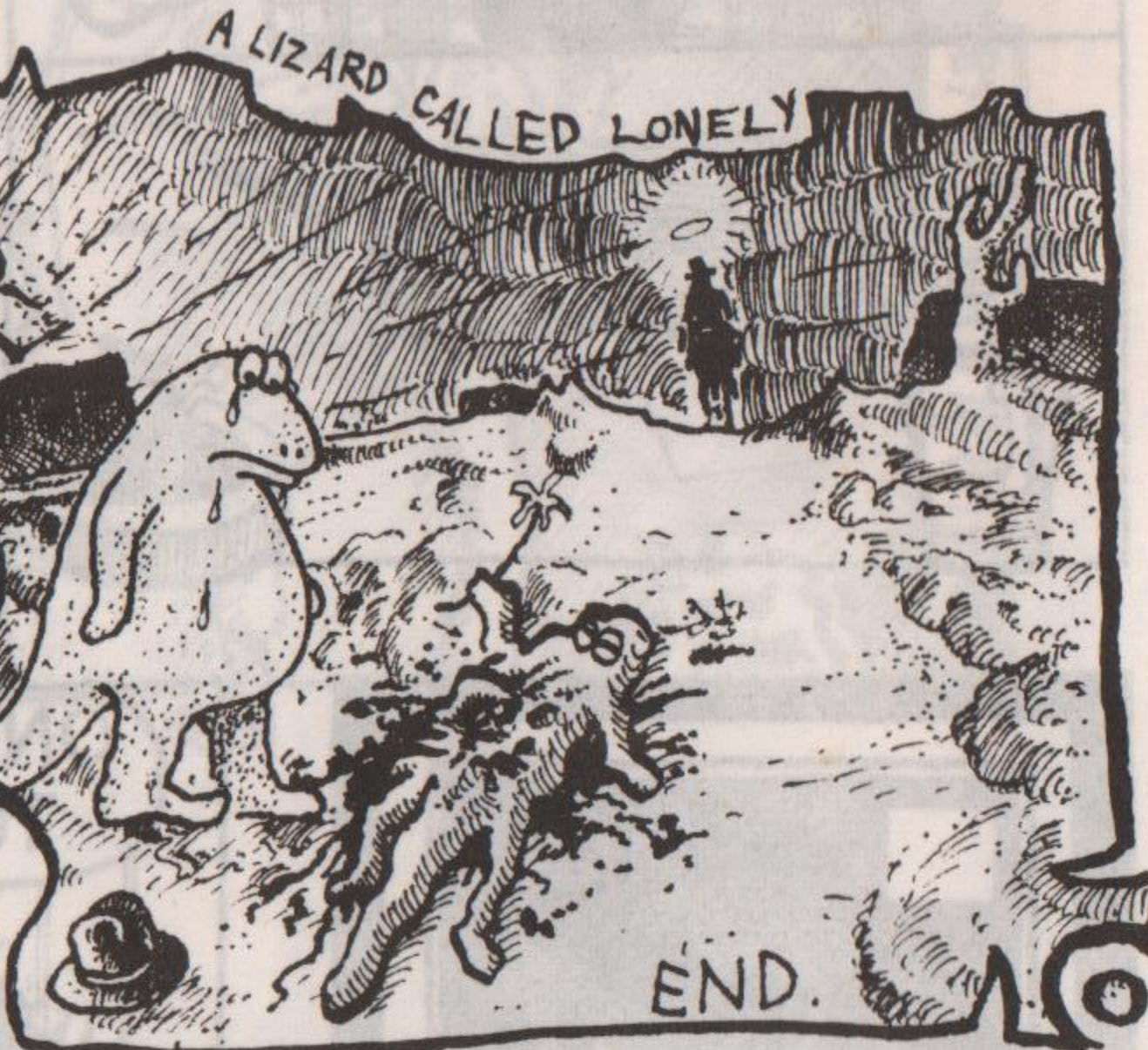
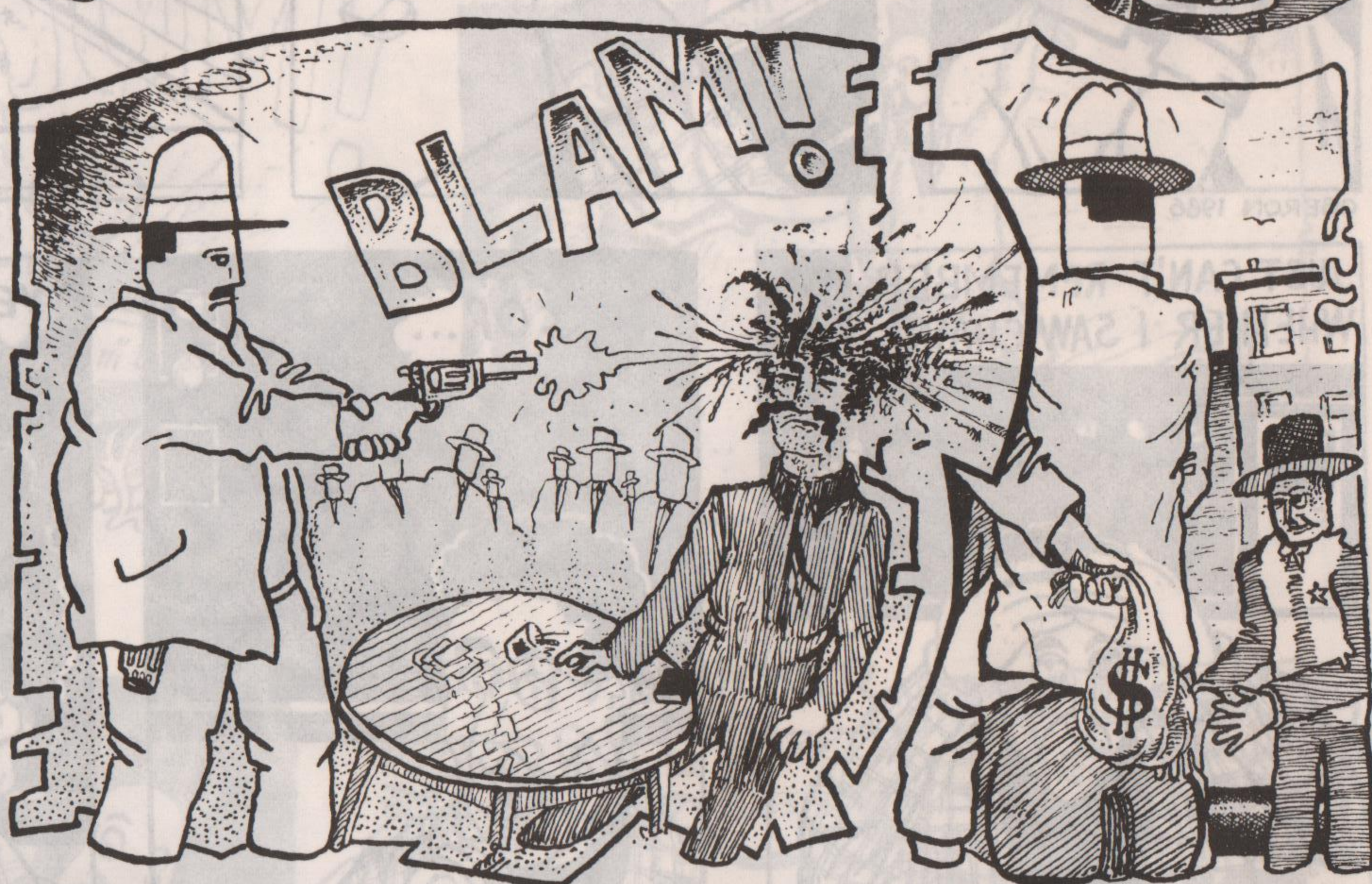
OBERON 1986





# A LIZARD CALLED LONELY

STORY: ANDY  
ARTWORK: PLUM!



# WashHouse

## VOLUME ONE.

CASSETTE £1.50  
from GATEWAY EXCHANGE  
2/A ABBEYMOUNT  
EDINBURGH and  
LOCAL RECORD SHOPS

ASHES & DIAMONDS  
ATOMIC PEEPSHOW  
INK OF INFIDELS  
IRON BROTHERHOOD  
ME & MY PALS  
RANDOM CHANCE

SCREAMING JAY MILROY  
SLAG  
SWAMPTRASH  
VOLUNTEER SLAVERY  
WE FREE KINGS  
WEE YELLOW RIP

# SPACE

## THE FINAL FRONTIER



THEY KEPT PUTTING THEM  
UP HIGHER AND HIGHER...



ALWAYS PUSHING TOWARD  
A NEW EXTREME.



DESPITE THE PLEAS  
OF LEADING HAIR-  
DRESSERS THAT...



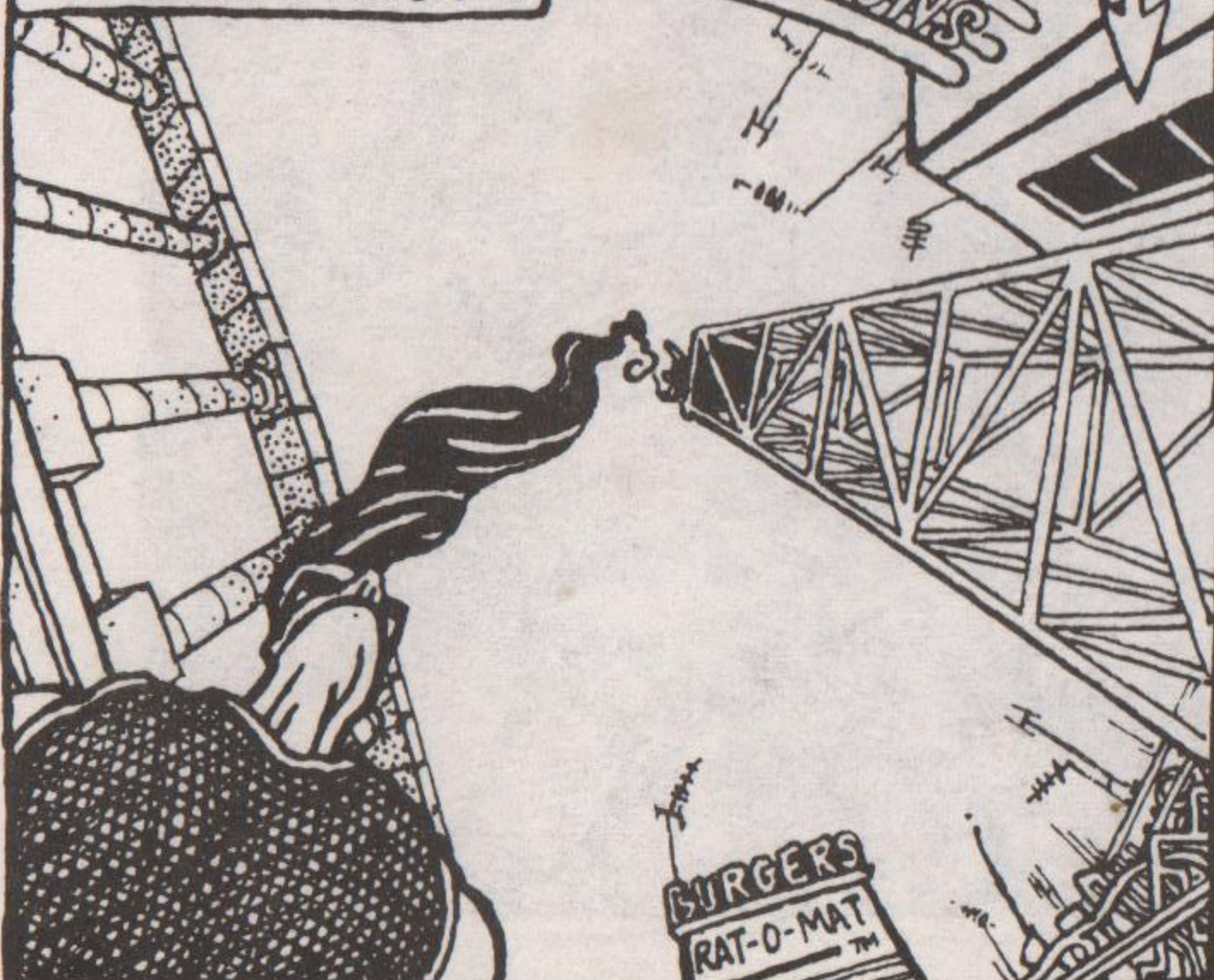
...THEY JUST COULD  
NOT COPE WITH ANY-  
THING OVER A METRE  
HIGH



...THE WARNINGS OF DOCTORS THAT  
THEY WOULD NOT FIT INTO AMBULANCES



BUT IN SPITE OF THIS, QUIFFS WERE  
QUOIFFURED...



BOUFFANTS  
WERE BRUSHED  
EVER UPWARDS,



THE DAY TECHNOLOGY FAILED...



# HAIRSTYLE HOLOCAUST

AS A MULTI-MILLION  
STRANDS OF LONG  
UNCUT HEAD HAIR  
FELL DOWN, DOWN, EVER  
DOWNWARDS, WITH  
ONE DESTINATION...



# EARTH

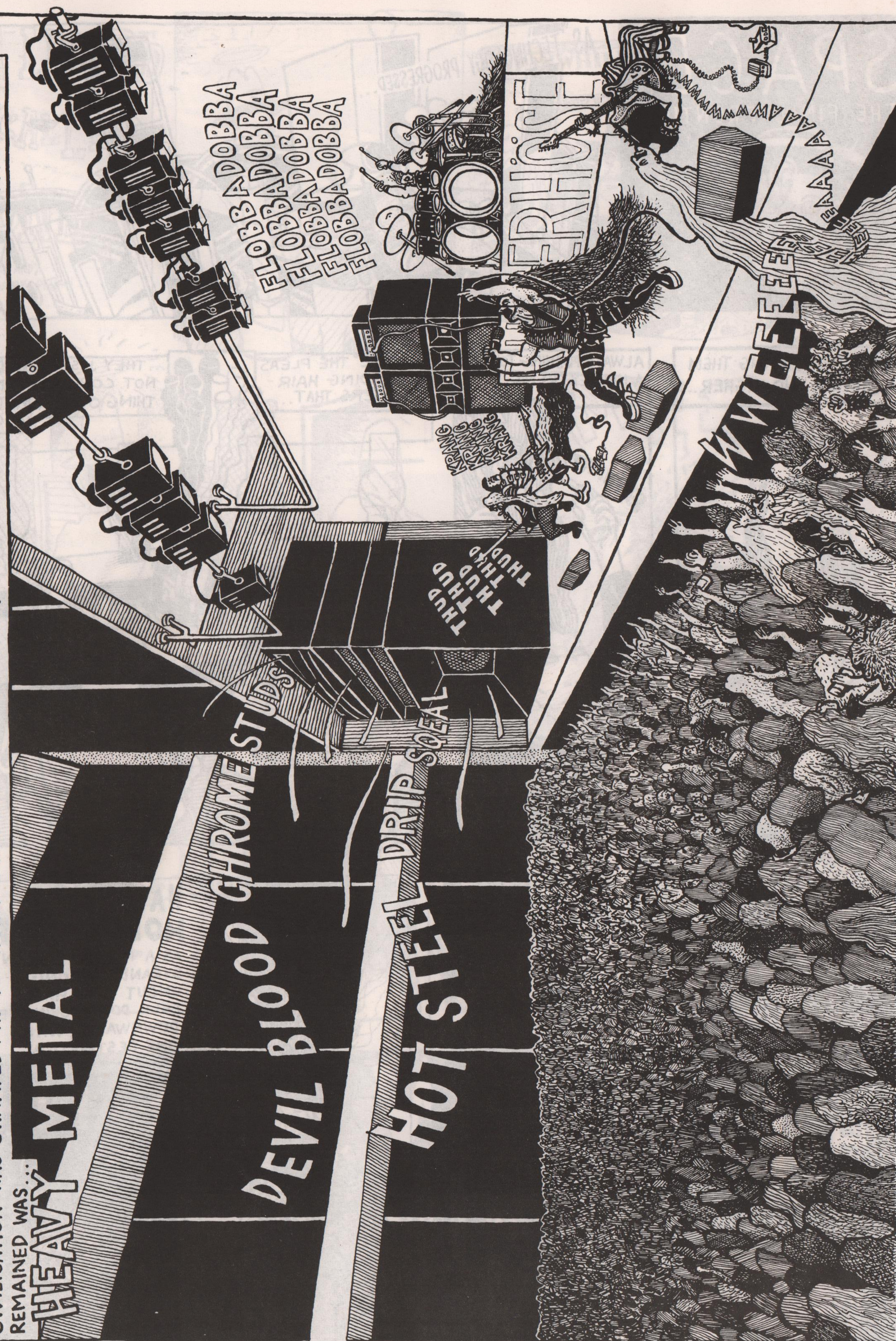


CIVILISATION WAS SWAMPED AND THE WORLD SANK INTO A NEW DARK AGE. NOT ONE LIGHT-WEIGHT ALLOY SURVIVED. . . . ALL THAT REMAINED WAS...

HEAVY METAL

DEVIL BLOOD CHROME STUDS

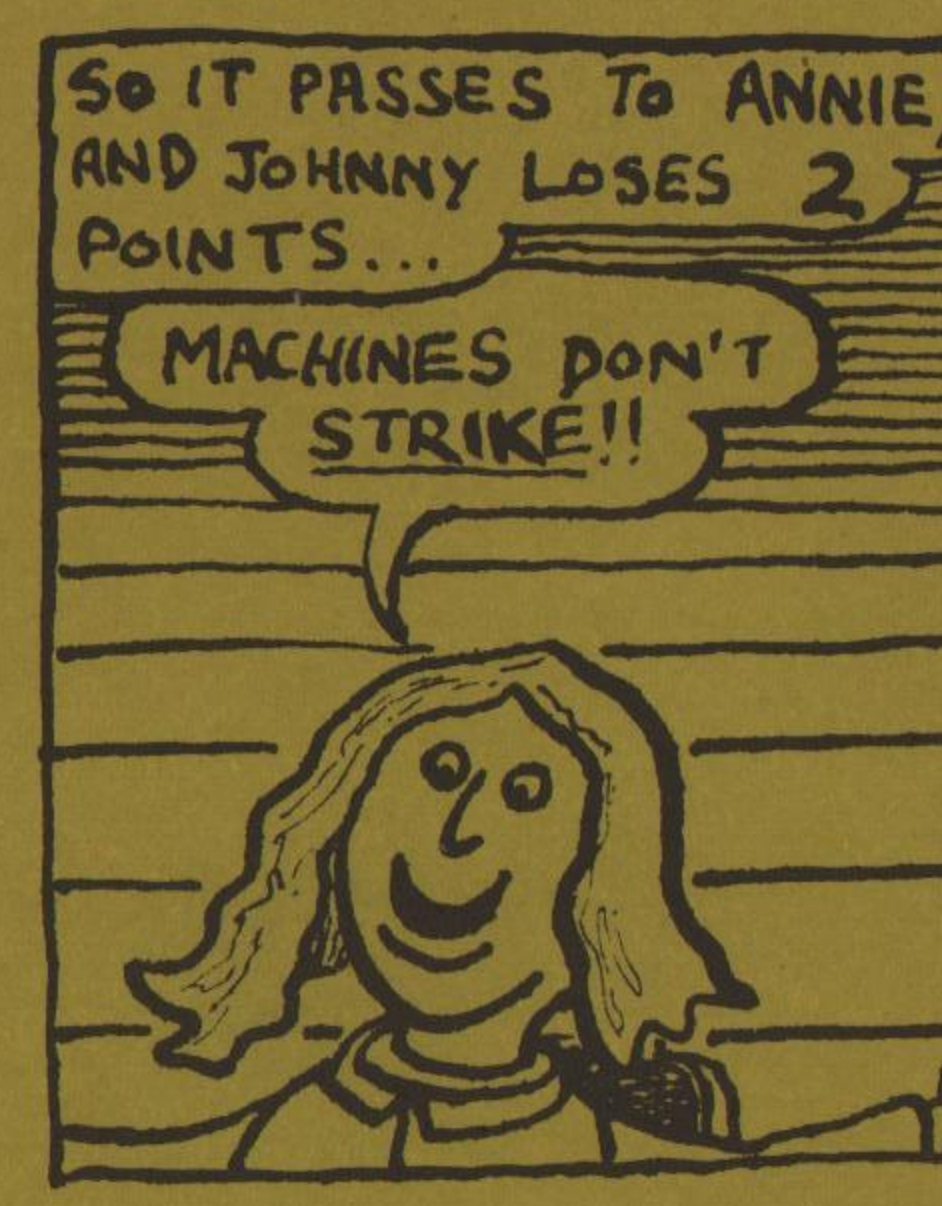
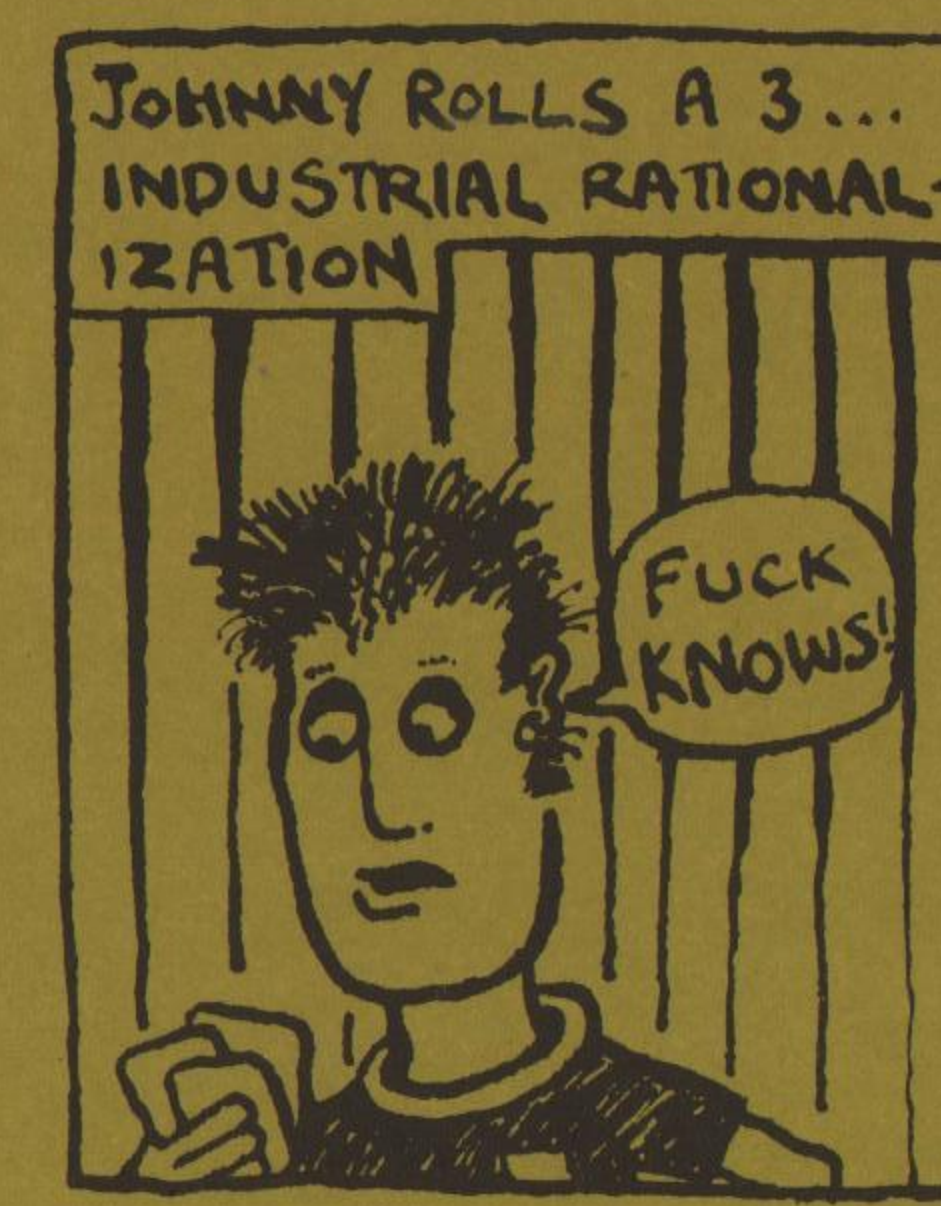
HOT STEEL DRIP SEAL



1982.



\*AS IN 'FALKLANDS CRISIS'



\* Politics isn't just dogmatic party oriented stuff.

